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Mr. Attlee Speaks for Britain

THERE is a real danger that the squalid recriminations, with which Sir Winston ruined what might have been the greatest moment of his long career, will distract attention from the true significance of last Monday's debate. A year ago the Prime Minister thrilled the world by launching a British peace initiative and expressing his personal determination to break the East-West deadlock by means of talks between heads of States. Faced with the incalculable consequences of the H-bomb explosion in the Pacific, Mr. Attlee, last Monday, solemnly pledged the Labour Party to bi-partisan support for the Prime Minister if he would at once renew that initiative. In a speech remarkable for its restraint and for the passion that inspired it, he marshalled the overwhelming case for at once convening Big Three talks between Sir Winston, Mr. Malenkov and Mr. Eisenhower.

What is really important—and what explains, though it does not excuse Sir Winston's vindictive attack on Mr. Attlee—is the revelation that today the British Government is impotent to undertake this new initiative. However much the Prime Minister may dislike the American New Strategy, he dare not criticise it even by implication. However much Mr. Eden may resent Mr. Dulles' out-of-hand rejection of the revised Molotov plan, he dare not complain. It is not merely that Britain is denied the scientific secrets of the H-bomb. Although in the event of war that bomb will be launched from American airfields in Norfolk, Britain has been excluded from the strategic discussions in Washington which now govern its use. "It is no use urging us to take this initiative," was the unspoken burden of Mr. Eden's harassed speech; "we cannot do so because our great ally has already taken another initiative. If we propose Big Three talks now, all we shall get is a snub from the White House. Please don't embarrass us by subjecting us to that final humiliation. We may be impotent satellites but why advertise the fact?"

If this situation is to be remedied, the first thing to do is to admit its gravity. Since the beginning of the year the U.S. Administration has taken a whole series of decisions which exclude the possibility of peaceful negotiation. Not only has the new strategy been proclaimed; Mr. Dulles has also been busily stultifying the French hopes, which are shared by Britain, of settling the Indo-Chinese problem at Geneva. Instead of peace talks—which the Republican senators bluntly told him would not be acceptable—the Secretary of State has renewed his threats that continued Chinese support for Ho Chi Min may provoke retaliation against mainland China, and this week he actually suggested that this retaliation was to be a combined operation by the U.S. and her allies. His plan is to end the Indo-Chinese war by applying the strategy that General MacArthur unsuccessfully attempted to employ in Korea.

It is only when seen against this background that the behaviour of Sir Winston last Monday becomes intelligible. He knows that the series of H-bomb explosions in the Pacific is part of the diplomacy of threats with which the American Administration has decided to bring matters to a head. The Russians and the Chinese are to be softened up by the spectacle of what "mobile massive retaliation" could mean, as a preliminary to telling them at Geneva that there are to be no negotiations on Indo-China: either they withdraw all support for Ho Chi Min and permit the French to reconquer the country with help from the U.S., which is at least equal in volume to Chinese help for Ho, or they must face the prospect of retaliation outside Indo-China. Knowing that this policy is already being put into action with their connivance, neither Sir Winston nor Mr. Eden could agree to renew the British peace initiative at once. All they could do was to try to put the blame on Mr. Attlee for the series of surrenders which have brought us to this pass.

When the Government's leadership fails, leadership passes to the Opposition. On

Monday Mr. Attlee spoke for the whole nation. It is his duty now that the Government has admitted its impotence to explain to the British people the dangers which face them. Despite Sir Winston, a British initiative is still possible, but only if Britain repudiates the MacArthurite methods which Mr. Dulles is using in Indo-China. It is no good talking to the Russians about the banning of the H-bomb, so long as the Americans are using the threat of its use in order to bludgeon the Chinese Communists into surrender. Mr. Attlee should warn the Americans that whatever the Government may say the British people will refuse to share in the spreading of the Indo-Chinese war and the sabotage of the Geneva conference. In 1951, it was his resolute action which prevented General MacArthur from spreading the Korean war. Now, once again, an American President must be informed that in the last resort he will have to choose between the doctrine of massive retaliation and the British alliance. When that has been done, Big Three talks will again become a practical proposal.

The Budget

The *Economic Survey* and the Supply Estimates, taken together, have made it clear that, unless the Chancellor had electioneering considerations in mind, there was little prospect of dramatic changes in this year's Budget. Mr. Butler has, in fact, resigned himself to being the prisoner of his arithmetic. Having concluded that existing taxation would do little more than keep his accounts "above the line" in balance —excluding the net deficit of about £400m. foreseen "below the line"—he could not make large concessions unless he were to gamble on a further dose of "stimulating incentives" producing a large (and eventually taxable) increase in national production. In deciding against such a gamble, he has clearly been influenced by two factors—the absence of any visible "slack" to be taken up in an economy already fully employed, and the precarious future of the sterling area's balance of payments. Deepening recession in the U.S., where unemployment rose by nearly 60,000 in March, normally an "improving" month, and where stocks are still being run down, could lead to sharp curtailment of American imports of primary products.

With caution thus limiting narrowly his room for manœuvre, Mr. Butler has confined himself to an effort to make good a shortcoming to which the *Survey* significantly drew attention — the inadequacy of capital investment by private industry. Apart from the 45 per cent. relief of estate duty which "family" enterprises are now, like farmers, to enjoy on buildings, plant and equipment passing at death—a proposal which, as *The Times* remarks, establishes "a privileged race apart"—the one important feature in the Budget is the substantial concession granted to industry as an inducement to re-equipment In place of the old "initial allowances," which were in effect a temporary interest-free loan, there is now to be a straight remission of tax, at a 20 per cent. rate for expenditure on new plant and machinery, and 10 per cent. for new buildings. The cost to the Treasury this year will be only £4m.; but the eventual benefit to industrial companies will be substantial, since they will not have to repay this year's "investment allowances." Moreover, in 1955-56 industry will be relieved of the £125m. which would have had to be paid in a full year for E.P.L. In short, having decided that not one straw could be lifted from the camel's back, the Chancellor has concentrated on one single selective stimulus—to the corporate *entrepreneur*.

Economy Before Humanity

Mr. Butler's decision to pay out post-war credits to the heirs of dead creditors will seem bitterly ironical to the old people, whose pension claim he has brusquely dismissed. Ever since this Government took office, the position of the retirement pensioner has been getting worse; nearly a quarter of those drawing State pensions now have to apply for National Assistance to make ends meet, and even the slightly more generous Assistance scale is barely sufficient for the necessities of life. The case for an increase in pensions is not, as the Chancellor sanctimoniously implied, a demand for "further advances in social reform." It springs directly from Mr. Butler's own policy since 1951. The cuts in food subsidies, and the steady rise of prices, have whittled away the purchasing power of the pensioners. What they ask, quite properly, is the restoration of the modest standards established by the Labour Government. To restore pensions to their 1946 real value would, at least, require an addition of 7s. a week for a single person and 11s. for a married couple. The truth is that the pension "freeze," like the standstill on other social security benefits in a period of rising prices, is a mean economy at the expense of the very poorest people. It is humbug for Mr. Butler to claim that "progress in social reform" has been "adequately maintained." This Government has merely carried out its statutory duty, and met expenses to which it was already committed. But its emphasis has been entirely on economy, not humanity. Mr. Butler can take credit for refraining from an open attack on the living standards of the poor: the fact remains that he has achieved much the same result by stealth.

The Archbishop and Frau Doenitz

We publish on another page a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury in which he rebukes us for using a sentence taken out of a letter he wrote to Frau Doenitz "as evidence of intrigues to secure the release of Doentiz and others." The Archbishop points out that his letter was concerned solely with what he believes to be the sub-normal conditions of imprisonment prevailing in the jail at Spandau. Naturally, we accept without question Dr. Fisher's disclaimer of any intention to associate himself with the campaign to free the war criminals. We much regret if our quotation from his letter should have led our readers to impute such a motive to him. In fact, however, we expressly distinguished between his letter, to Frau Doenitz about the Russian failure to improve the prison conditions, and the letter we quoted from a famous lady, who asserted that the Government was anxious to see the "liberation" of Von Neurath as soon as possible. The essence of our complaint was contained in the following words:

> To Germans . . . the tone of these letters from London will seem . . . to imply an act of rehabilitation for all those public servants condemned in 1945 for collaborating with the Third Reich. If these correspondents complain that an expression of humane feelings is thereby being distorted for political ends, they must be sharply reminded that this is something of which people of their position should take account.

By writing this indiscreet letter, certainly with the best of intentions but perhaps without full political understanding of what was involved, the Archbishop has given comfort to those who are plotting to create an atmosphere in which Doenitz and some of his colleagues may be released to take the lead in a revival of German militarism. His letter is, indeed—and this is how the matter came to light—being used by Frau Doenitz as evidence of British official sympathy for her campaign on her husband's behalf.

Wage Tangle on the Railways

Sir Brian Robertson has now agreed to meet the three railway trade unions to discuss the revision of the wage-structure which was promised when an agreement was patched up, and a strike averted, at the end of last year. He will not find it easy to come to terms. The Locomotive Engineers have threatened to strike on April 24 unless by then the Transport Commission has produced concrete proposals for improving the "differentials" for the skilled grades. The N.U.R. is insisting that the differentials cannot be considered until the basic minimum wage for the less skilled has been agreed on. The Transport Salaried Staffs Association, like the Locomotive Engineers, says it is not prepared to have its own claims deferred till this has been done. It may indeed take a considerable time, as the N.U.R. is pressing for a higher minimum, which the Commission says it cannot afford. Meanwhile, the N.U.R. and the engineering trade unions have agreed to recommend acceptance of the Commission's offer of 8s., 7s. 6d., and 7s. a week advance for skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled railway shop workers; but this is only an extension of last year's bargain from the traffic grades to the engineering departments, and does not affect the dispute about differentials in the former. Undoubtedly, both the N.U.R. and the Locomotive men have a case. The railwaymen have had a raw deal in recent years; the minimum rates are low in relation to other occupations, and the differentials for the higher grades have been greatly reduced. But it cannot be easy to work out a new structure in a hurry; and no new structure is practicable without a substantial addition to the total wages bill. The plain fact is that the railways cannot both meet compensation and amortisation charges at present rates and pay proper wages without running at a considerable loss. Only a unified transport system can pay its way, and the Tories have seen to it that what advance was being made in that direction has been reversed.

PARIS

Portrait of a Marshal

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Marshal Juin, who finally strode on to the centre of the French political stage last week, had been hovering in the wings—more or less impatiently—for some time. His political *dossier* alone would fill several volumes, and some of it makes curious reading. He is probably the only man who, at one time or another during the war, was on friendly terms with such diverse figures as Goering, Roosevelt, Churchill, Chiang Kai-shek, de Gaulle, Pétain, Stalin, Keitel, Marshall, Eisenhower, Molotov, Zhukov, Darlan and Laval.

When France collapsed in 1940, Juin was a divisional commander and found himself imprisoned, along with 200 fellow Generals, at Koenigstein. In 1941 he was released, at the personal request of Pétain and Weygand, in exchange for the grant of bases at Bizerta and in Syria (Juin later denied this, but it is fully attested by official German sources). The same year, Juin took part in negotiations with Goering at St. Florentin and in Berlin. Then he was sent to North Africa, and it seems that the Germans regarded him as one of their most reliable supporters there. Early in 1942, Otto Abetz reported: "At the moment, the French colonial troops may be considered loyal, since General Juin has taken over their command. . . ." When it came to the point, however, Juin changed sides just in time. He was not informed in advance of the Allied landings because he had taken an oath of loyalty to Vichy; he heard the news of the invasion in pyjamas. His first reaction, it is said, was to ask about the strength of the invaders; his second, to telephone Darlan for instructions: and his third to order his troops to perform what he termed "honourable skirmishings." Finally, he decided to join the Allies, but it was only the personal intercession of de Gaulle (one of his old classmates at St. Cyr) which saved him from disgrace. Juin was shunted off to Italy, where he promptly distinguished himself first as a divisional and later as a corps commander. He was one of the very few French Generals to survive the war with an enhanced military reputation.

After the war, Juin was sent to Morocco as Resident-General and there, for the first time, he began to acquire permanent political connections. First these were limited to the extremist wing of the *colons* and to a handful of Berber chieftains, like El Glaoui and El Kittani. Later he branched out into the colonial civil service and the Assembly. Even after Guillaume succeeded him in Morocco, he kept a tight control over the course of events in North Africa. The timing and orders for the August, 1953, *coup d'état* were planned in his headquarters, and almost immediately afterwards one of his protégés, Pierre Voizard, was appointed Resident-General in Tunisia. Today, he is on good terms with M. Martinaud-Déplat, Minister of the Interior, and has many friends among the Prefects, besides some 20 loyal supporters in the Chamber. His decision last week to come out strongly against E.D.C. and defy the Government was a calculated political move. For some time criticism of E.D.C. has been growing in French Army circles. This week, for example, a full-scale attack was published, anonymously, by a senior French serving officer. Juin chose the exactly correct time to climb on to the anti-E.D.C. bandwagon and join his forces with those of General de Gaulle.

The full significance of *l'affaire Juin* is not yet clear. Obviously, there is no place for two "strong men" on the Right, and Juin has many personal enemies among the Gaullists. But his actions have undoubtedly increased the growing nervousness and apprehension among Centre Deputies and in Government circles. There are signs, in fact, that France is on the verge of a profound political crisis. And, in a purely symbolic sense, the scenes at the Arc de Triomphe on Sunday marked one more step in the reversion to the political pattern of the Third Republic: they were the first occasion since the war in which open violence was inspired by the Right.

WASHINGTON

Indecision Before Geneva

Our American Correspondent writes: The crisis in Indo-China is the first real test of whether the United States really has a new policy and, if so, what it is. Does "united action" in Indo-China involve "instant retaliation"? Nobody here can believe that it does, although one cannot be too certain. The Pentagon and the State Department are thought to be coming round to the view that American intervention, in the traditional sense of sending ground troops and their support, may eventually be necessary. But they cannot face up to this even privately, let alone in public. First of all, they shudder at the thought of the consequent wrath of their own supporters in Congress, and, behind them, the overwhelming majority of the American public. Secondly, the dispatch of troops would at once reveal the hollowness of the "new look" strategy.

Faced with this dilemma, American policy planners appear to be dickering with indecision and not knowing quite what to do. Consequently, they view the forthcoming Geneva conference with something less than relish. They fear that the Russians and Chinese may come up with some distinct proposals, and, not having any policy criteria of their own, they would be at a loss how to react. They certainly would not dare to give the impression back home that they had actually *negotiated* something with the Communists. They remember the outcry here after the Berlin meetings over the mere agreement to go to Geneva at all. The tip-off on the Administration's approach to Geneva came last week in a television interview with C. D. Jackson, the White house adviser on psychological warfare, who has just returned to his post with the *Time-Life* empire. When asked whether he thought it desirable that the United States should meet with China at Geneva, he replied that it was not a question of desirability, but that it was inevitable in view of the insistence of America's allies, Britain and France.

At Geneva, therefore, the Americans will be much more interested in influencing their allies, above all the French, than in getting anything from the Russians and Chinese. So long as the French fight in Indo-China they do not have to make up their own minds. They have a vague hope that if the French keep at it, well backed by American indirect aid, Ho Chi Minh can be fought to a standstill, particularly if he is denied direct Chinese intervention. If the Americans were in the habit of playing a Machiavellian game in diplomacy, one might believe that the very vagueness of American policy and the obscureness of the link between "united action" and "instant retaliation" were a purposeful and brilliant stroke. It could prevent the Chinese from moving into Indo-China, the Chinese fearing the possibility that the Americans would spread the war. It could also keep the French fighting in Indo-China as a grand, historic gesture of shielding the world from the terrible consequences of American impetuosity. It is another question whether the traditional French sense of civilisation goes to these lengths.

THE H-BOMB

What Comes Next?

A Scientific Correspondent writes: The N-bomb story misfired. Mr. Herbert Morrison's hearsay suggestion that Soviet scientists were working on a nitrogen bomb was received with unanimous incredulity by the nuclear physicists. Theoretically, explosive energy could be released from the nitrogen nucleus, but the heat required to produce the fusion would be out of proportion to that required for the H-bomb without any conceivable advantage. But, implicit in the rumour of the N-bomb, coupled with another report—from America—that the Russians are working on a C-bomb, a cobalt-bomb, is the apologetic suggestion that the H-bomb is not nearly as bad as some of the horrors which "the other side" is cooking up.

The principle of the H-bomb is that four hydrogen atoms are fused to make one atom of helium, with that explosive release of energy of which the whole world is now aware. The process requires temperatures equivalent to those in the heart of the sun, which produces its continuous energy by this hydrogen-helium transmutation. Such temperatures are possible on earth only in the instant of the explosion of what is now sardonically called "the conventional bomb." The heat is of too brief duration to allow the four hydrogen atoms to be added one-plus-one-plus-one-plus one. So deuterium (double hydrogen) or tritium (triple hydrogen) or, more deviously, lithium is used so that the extra atoms are "spot-welded" into helium by the flash. So the fission bomb is the detonator of the fusion bomb.

It is, however, possible to conceive a three-stage bomb—a plutonium trigger-charge surrounded by hydrogen in its multiple-atom forms, and enclosed by an envelope of liquid nitrogen. The nitrogen would not necessarily release energy, but the hydrogen bomb releases vast quantities of neutrons. These atom particles would enter into the nitrogen and convert it into Carbon 14. This is a radioactive element which persists for thousands of years and, being an isotope of carbon, behaves chemically in exactly the same way; that is, it combines in the chemicals of living things, in which carbon is the essential basis. And being radioactive it would be malignantly destructive of plants, animals and humans. But, say scientists who want to be reassuring, there is already 40 tons of radioactive carbon distributed uniformly through the earth's atmosphere, without any harm. And so (they say) it would need immense volumes of liquid nitrogen to produce Carbon 14 in dangerous proportions—that is, when *uniformly distributed* round the earth.

What about cobalt? This involves "rigging" the H-bomb, *i.e.*, introducing cobalt which, when exposed to the radiation from the bomb, becomes more intensely radioactive even than radium. Radioactive cobalt has a half-life of 5 years and an American scientist has calculated that, if a "rigged" bomb went off, it could kill the world's population within three years. Colleagues of his retorted that, *uniformly distributed* throughout the atmosphere, the amount of radioactive cobalt from any bomb would not be lethal.

Notice the emphasis on "unitormly distributed." Dissipated in the atmosphere, the radioactive materials from the March 1 bomb would have been relatively harmless. But they were not. They came down in the "fall-out." "Fall-out" is due to atmospheric conditions produced locally (and unpredictably) by the bomb itself; and, with Carbon 14 and radioactive cobalt, there could be a deadly "fall-out" spreading over an area of many thousands of miles.

WESTMINSTER

The Barren Conscience

A Parliamentary Correspondent writes: When Sir Winston sat down after his speech on the hydrogen bomb he noisily tore a sheet of paper across and across again. It was a symbolic gesture. For he had just torn to shreds a reputation and an illusion. The reputation was that of the global elder statesman; the illusion was the idea, harboured even in some hearts among the Opposition, that Churchill in advancing years is a human compound of wisdom and experience who alone possesses the authority to direct the world towards sanity. His very speech, in both content and delivery, in fact made nonsense of the Labour Party's motion. The motion asked for an immediate meeting between Churchill, Eisenhower and Malenkov. But Churchill showed himself to be a tired and petty old man, obviously incapable of dealing with the monumental inexperience of Eisenhower, or the podgy power of Malenkov.

The House was incredulous, then angry, then sick at heart. Only Clement Attlee saved the day from despair. In the exchange when Churchill descended from mediocrity to malice, Attlee was on top. Uncoiling like a spring, he leapt to the Box and flayed a Churchill who stood like a crumpled sack of flour on stilts. Boothby expressed his feelings by walking out of the Chamber. Unfortunately, we cannot walk away from the hydrogen bomb.

Monday's atmosphere lingered through Tuesday's question time. Loyally the Tories raised a cheer for Churchill when he stumped into the Chamber, but it was a whisper to the roar that greeted Attlee when he darted to his seat like an unassuming whippet. Butler, in his Budget statement, which announced an import duty on chicory, did nothing to obliterate the débâcle of Tory leadership. Which does not mean that Butler did not produce the Budget which was required according to his premises, which are doubtful, and his principles, which are suspect. His previous Budget, he claimed, had restored the annual increase in production, which we had come to regard as normal when Labour was in office. Productivity had regained the level we enjoyed in 1951, and exports had recovered. So there was no call for change. With a series of poverty-stricken similes about ships sailing through seas and weathering storms and suchlike, delivered in a complacent monotone, he reduced the House to the uneasy brink between consciousness and sleep. Some members nodded over the brink. If, in framing his Budget, the Chancellor had his eye on anything, it was not on the prospect of an early election, but on the emergence of further United States recession. The economics of the Budget are that Butler is waiting to see what emerges from the Atlantic mists; the politics of the Budget are that another Budget will be needed before a General Election.

And so, after he had finished, the House moved on to Cads' Night. In the old days the House adjourned shortly after the Budget statement so that members could digest their dinners and the Chancellor's proposals, and prepare instructions for their stockbrokers. Only cads kept the House at work. This year Tony Greenwood and George Chetwynd and a host of other Socialist exponents of bad form united in telling Butler that he should have given something to the pensioners. This was especially naughty of them. For he had explained most carefully that he had searched his conscience to find something for the pensioners. Unfortunately he had found it barren.

W. F.

The Police and the Montagu Case

On a careful consideration of the trial of Lord Montagu and his co-defendants at Winchester Assizes, several major abuses in police and penal policy become strikingly apparent. If they are allowed to go unredressed, it will be a fresh victory for the public apathy and gullibility that have always nourished the most illiberal tendencies among those in authority.

How far, for example, does the average citizen approve the policy of granting immunity to accomplices in crime, as a reward for "turning Queen's evidence"? No doubt most people would agree with the principle upheld in *R. v. James* (1913), that "it is expedient that there should not be honour among thieves"; so that when an accomplice charged with larceny repents and gives information to the police, his sentence may decently—and justly—be reduced. But what is one to think of a system that not merely promises a reduced sentence to the renegade accomplice but absolves him from any criminal charge whatever? Since the Winchester trial, it has been admitted that the two R.A.F. men with whom the defendants were said to have committed homosexual offences were known to have been similarly involved with twenty-four other men, none of whom was charged. But it is the airmen who are free, Lord Montagu and his friends who are in prison.

Secondly, whenever two or more men commit an offence together, what principle of justice is served by charging each of them with that offence; and by charging them at the same time with "conspiring" to commit it? A conspiracy charge makes the words and acts of each of the defendants admissible in evidence against all the others. "A co-defendant in a conspiracy trial," said Justice Jackson in the United States Supreme Court in 1949, "occupies an uneasy seat. There generally will be evidence of wrongdoing by somebody. It is difficult for the individual to make his own case stand on its merits in the minds of jurors who are ready to believe that birds of a feather are flocked together. If he is silent, he is taken to admit it; and if, as often happens, co-defendants can be prodded into accusing or contradicting each other, they convict each other." It is the cruellest trap that the law has ever contrived, an invention of the Star Chamber and a weapon of political oppression for centuries. It is a grave criticism of the Law Officers of the Crown in the conduct of their office that the use of it, at least in such a case as this, has survived its severe condemnation by the Court of Criminal Appeal in the case of *R. v. West* in 1948.

Thirdly, there is the extraordinary decision of the Director of Public Prosecutions to launch a second prosecution against Lord Montagu while similar charges, on which an earlier jury had disagreed, were still pending. It could not have been necessary: Lord Montagu had demonstrated his willingness to surrender and face the charges. It could not be justified by any decision to "offer no evidence" on the pending charges, or to ask that they "remain on the Court file." It could not fail to bring him to the second trial in an atmosphere of prejudice.

Fourthly, there is the growing police practice of searching without warrant the private residences of people they have arrested. As to this, it must be said that the Home Secretary, in Parliamentary answers last Thursday, was led by those informing him to make statements that are seriously inaccurate. "I am informed," he replied, "that the search [of Major Pitt-Rivers's flat] was carried out with the consent, and in the presence, of the person to whom the key of the flat had been entrusted." Our information, and it is supported by the depositions taken by the Justices at Lymington, is that Mr. Anderson, an old friend of the Pitt-Rivers family, was holding the key for the mere purpose of occasional caretaking, and refused to allow the police to enter until he was given to understand that they would otherwise break in. They refused even to wait, he says, while he telephoned to Major Pitt-Rivers's mother. Is this what the police call "consent"?

To another question, which asked in what circumstances the Home Secretary authorised the Metropolitan Police to enter and search private premises without a warrant, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe replied, as he was bound to reply, that he had no power to give the police any such authority. He said that they had certain powers of that nature under Acts of Parliament, "notably" under section 42 of the Larceny Act, 1916. This section enables Chief Constables to issue their own warrants for the search of houses occupied by known criminals, and for the seizure of stolen property found there. And even so, the Home Secretary should have said "solely," not "notably," for there is no other such enactment. "In addition," he went on, "it has long been the practice, and one that is familiar to the Courts, that when the police arrest a person on private premises either on a warrant or for felony without a warrant, they may search the premises whenever it seems likely that any material evidence, whether for (*sic*) or against the accused, can be obtained." Leaving aside the fact that Major Pitt-Rivers was *not* arrested on the premises, this is roughly what Home Office witnesses told the Royal Commission on Police Powers and Procedure in 1929. They added that it had gone on for so long, without trouble, that it must have become part of the Common Law. It would be interesting to hear the Lords of Appeal on this. The Royal Commission regretted that the police had to rely upon "powers of which the legality seems doubtful or obscure." They urged that the position be clarified by statute.

"In other cases," the Home Secretary affirmed, "premises are searched only with consent, or in the absence of consent, on the authority of a search warrant." To the knowledge of every practising criminal lawyer, every Justices' clerk, and every policeman in the country, this statement is not true. The reluctant acquiescence of the prisoner's wife, for example, when told that her husband is in custody and that it is proposed to search the house, is forthcoming only because the alternative is to have uniformed policemen posted outside the house until the warrant is obtained—perhaps for 24 hours. More often it is not forthcoming even

on those terms; at the end of a brief colloquy at the street door, with a policemanly foot across the threshold, the woman is brushed aside and the officers go in. The police commonly take this risk, and by doing it they recover an enormous quantity of stolen property that would otherwise disappear; more often than not the public interest is well enough served. But the time has come to give Parliament an opportunity to say whether a general police power of this drastic kind is today necessary and desirable.

There remains the unexplained episode of Lord Montagu's altered passport. From the moment of his arrival at London Airport until its production in Court three months later, it had remained in the possession of the police. The prosecution, vainly seeking to show that he had "sneaked back" on a visit to England at the end of 1953, and to discredit him as a liar for denying it, asked him to account for a Bordeaux exit date-stamp that supported their allegation. This was discovered by the defence to be a forgery. There is no proof that the police made the alteration, but neither is there any explanation.

Regardless of the guilt or innocence of the defendants, of their social status, and of the humanity of the law relating to homosexuality, the Winchester trial provides, by itself, ample reason for an inquiry into the present methods of the Director of Public Prosecutions and of the police. It also makes abundantly clear the need for a permanent committee, comparable to the Lord Chamberlain's committee on civil law, to review and as occasion demands to recommend reforms in the whole of our criminal law and procedure.

In the Belgian Congo

I. The Industrial Revolution

Across the silver mirrors of Stanley Pool, the quays and cranes of Léopoldville have the multitudinous regularity of an ocean-going port: behind them are many warehouses, and behind these again one receives a long view of tall buildings, towers, and the angular pinnacles of a great city. All this is bound to be surprising, for the general *décor* of the equatorial forest has scarcely changed since Mary Kingsley traipsed through the Gaboon in skirts of bombazine, and African life seemed a savage mystery. Yet the morning vapour lifting from the surface of this immense and unforgettable river—now only two hundred miles from its estuary—is not to blame for this vision of urbanity. Léopoldville is the administrative and industrial capital of the Belgian Congo, the most remarkable of the cities of Middle Africa, and terminal port for the waterways of the Congo, Kasai, and Ubangui rivers which carry passengers and cargo for thousands of miles into the forest and its neighbouring savannah.

Industrial revolution is fast pushing the Congo into new economic patterns. What a British Foreign Secretary half a century ago referred to as "bondage under the most barbarous and inhuman conditions" has ceased to exist. The profits are still enormous, the political stagnation is complete, the "maximum of 60 days' forced labour" is still regular procedure in the countryside (although this may end in 1954); but the industrial pattern is unique in Africa in its advancement of African workers to a genuine sharing of skills.

This sharing of skills can easily seem the most hopeful event in Africa. For industrialism in the Congo not only lifts thousands of Africans out of their rural poverty, out of their subservience to a ruined tribalism: it also lifts them into the modern world. Industrialised Africans in the Congo begin to lose their helot status, begin to take new bearings, begin to be "people like everyone else," not only in their own eyes but also in those of the Europeans for whom they work. They begin to live the same kind of lives, face the same kind of decisions, think the same kind of thoughts, as most of their fellow humans. To apply Mr. Stringfellow Barr's apopthegm, Africans here are joining—are at last being allowed to join—the human race.

If this sounds extravagant, consider some of the evidence. When you enter the Congo from Brazzaville, traversing Stanley Pool, the ferry's captain is an African. When you enter the Congo from the far South, out of Northern Rhodesia, the engine driver who gets out is a White man and the Congo driver who gets in is an African. Across the rock-strewn wastes of the High Katanga, between Kolwézi and Jadotville, Africans drive electric locomotives of the latest type. It would be hard for anyone to think of an African steamboat captain, looking after forty White passengers and some 800 tons of cargo on a voyage eight hundred miles long, as humanly inferior. Things have evidently shifted since Conrad's Marlow came up this river sixty years ago.

Another obvious gain for Belgian economic policy is to have avoided White insistence on an industrial colour bar. Skill and status differentials are so wide between a small minority of European technical labour and a big majority of African skilled and unskilled labour that European fear of dilution scarcely exists. What remains is suffocated by Belgian paternalism, which allows

"*Well, we've saved Western Civilisation . . .*"

nothing in the nature of organised protest by anyone, White or Black. This means in practice that White technicians achieve a direct interest in making their African workers as efficient as they can, so that the position here is helpfully reversed from that of most British colonies: European workers are not ganging up to prevent Africans from acquiring skills, but are even helping Africans to acquire them.

This industrialisation is rapid and remarkable. One can see it at its most developed point in the great repair shops of the Union Minière (copper, uranium, and so forth) at Jadotville. Here I have watched African turners, fitters, foundrymen, welders, pattern-makers and even draughtsmen, working under European supervision but also learning from their European supervisors. "Our job," the manager of the electrical section said, "is to bring out from home the best workers we can get—the kind who will have the skill and patience to pass on what they know." It is typical of this attitude, I think, that each of the Africans working in this electrical section is required to keep a little note book in which he records, with sketch and text, the details of every electrical job that he does; I looked at half a dozen of these books at random, and I am told that the best of these Africans can now achieve 70 per cent. of a skilled European worker's quality and quantity of output. Even ten years ago, that statement must have seemed sentimental nonsense.

Yet the facts are eloquent, and annihilate most of what most White settlers and other interested Europeans say about the capacity of Africans to learn and take responsibility. In the engineering shops at Jadotville, for example, there are about 600 African craftsmen. In 1946 one European foreman was in charge of an average of five Africans each operating one machine tool. This year one European foreman is in charge of an average of nearly seven Africans each operating one machine tool. The level of skills is rising steadily. Some of these machine tools, I am told, are of the latest degree of complexity: errors in their operation would cost a lot of money. And yet you see Africans cutting highly expensive metal with highly expensive tools which have to be precise to a hundredth of a millimetre; and they are doing it with an average productivity rate which is *already* over half that of a highly skilled European. This means that the Union Minière is making a nice thing out of semi-skilled and skilled African labour still paid at rates far below the European level, but it also means that these Africans have access to sources of knowledge and sources of self-confidence and intellectual stimulus never available to them before. The gain is not all on the European side, as it almost always is so long as Africans are allowed only to labour with their muscles, and not with their brains.

The Union Minière, great mining octopus whose wealth is fabulous, is ahead of any other Congo corporation. But the same trends are visible elsewhere. I saw them at work at tin mines in the Upper Katanga, at shipbuilding yards on Stanley Pool, in textile mills at Léopoldville, and elsewhere. Altogether, the Congo has more than 1,100,000 wage-earners this year, though there were fewer than 800,000 in 1948.

Industrialism is also the death of migrant labour, one of the darker and more wasteful cruelties of imperialism. And the advantages of a stabilised labour force (over a migrant labour force) are well illustrated in this vast country of the Congo. In 1925, the year before Léopold Mottoulle and Ernest Toussaint opened their battle against the employment of migrant labour on one-year contracts, the Union Minière employed 13,849 African workers who had with them 2,507 African women and 779 children. In 1952 the mining villages of this corporation had 18,465 men, 14,647 women, and no fewer than 28,000 children. Yet the Katanga, historically, is a semi-desert of scarce population, for its soil is bad and its rocks are many. While rural populations in the central basin of the Congo dwindle and threaten to disappear, here in the arid Katanga modern industry has created an entirely new urban population.

In South Africa, by contrast, the mines are still worked largely by migrant labour, just as they were 60 years ago, with all the miserable and wasteful consequences which Commission after Commission has deplored and denounced. Meanwhile, in the Congo, "stabilisation of labour" also means that Africans acquire the right of *permanent* residence in the towns where they work. Thousands of African workers in Elisabethville, Léopoldville and other urban centres are building themselves new houses with money advanced to them by the administration.

Dusty slums of mud and thatch are disappearing; in their place come suburbs of brick, concrete and cement. Some of these early efforts are horrible enough—scrubby little bungaloid growths in a wilderness of rubble; but they are nonetheless better than most African housing to be seen in the great towns of South Africa or Rhodesia or Kenya, and they represent, moreover, a solid African claim to the rights and responsibilities of urban life.

And here one tends to underestimate the possible speed of change. Beyond these earlier African-built houses of 1948 one may now inspect new suburbs with other houses built in the years since then, and building now. So keen is this African capacity for adjustment to new circumstances that one may almost mark the advance in design and technique year by year—so that the latest houses built (and sometimes also designed) by Africans in the Congo are now in better taste, and show already the beginnings of a specific Congo style. Where the earlier builders of 1948 simply copied slavishly, the new builders of 1954 have ideas of their own, whether decorative or constructional, and demand of their draughtsmen (who are usually Africans on the road towards becoming architects) a number of things they would never have dreamed of asking only six years ago, when the building boom was initiated in these Congo cities. And now, latest of all, private householders of the wealthier sort are putting up the money for two-storeyed houses. . . .

Alongside this "build your own house" drive—much favoured by Belgians who believe that African householding can bring them allies in the political struggles which lie ahead—there is also since 1951 a drive for the provision of cheap-rental housing; some of this cheap-rental housing that I have seen in places like Stanleyville is beyond doubt the best in all tropical and southern Africa. Yet the central point, I think, is not the relatively good quality of Congo housing: it is the fact that both private and public building are founded on the notion of a permanent African *urban* population. The familiar contradiction between "wanting Africans in my factory and my kitchen, and not wanting them anywhere near my house," which is at present driving White South Africa (and to some extent White Rhodesia) clean off its head, does not exist here. Residential segregation certainly exists—but there is no nonsense about questioning the need for a stabilised African population in the towns of the Congo. Everyone gains from this.

Congo enterprise is highly monopolist. In 1952, according to the Governor-General, 51 per cent. of its million-odd African wage earners were employed by only 3.27 per cent. of companies. Yet the highly capitalist policy of these companies is to transform a numerically insufficient and unskilled labour force into a mechanised and progressively more productive labour force. "We shall have to rely," the Prince de Ligne said to me in Brussels some months ago, "on these Black chaps for practically everything." In operating thus, these corporations make even greater profits than before. But they also open the gates of industry to every African who wishes to pass through them. There begins to emerge, here in Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," the beginnings of a true African working class. Whatever its limiting conditions—even though these are many—this step forward is surely of historical importance on the long road towards African equality.

BASIL DAVIDSON

London Diary

ONE of my conclusions about last Monday's fracas is that if politicians found time to read important new books—or even to glance at the reviews of them in this journal—there would be fewer sensational scenes in the House of Commons. The revelation with which Sir Winston knocked Mr. Morrison out in the debate on the Yalu River bombings was effective because it was completely unexpected and stated something which had previously been kept secret. But the revelations with which he tried, so disastrously to himself, to discredit Mr. Attlee last Monday had all been published much more fully and a good deal more accurately some years ago in two American books, the *Forrestal Diaries* and the *Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg*. When these books were published over here our reviewer pointed out (August 23, 1952 and January 31, 1953) that they provided circumstantial evidence of the charge that the Labour Government had surrendered far too easily to American pressure on two occasions. The first was in the winter of 1947 when the Churchill-Roosevelt agreement on the A-bomb was revised after Senators Vandenberg and Hickenlooper had told Mr. Truman that, if it was not, Marshall Aid would be imperilled. The second was during the Russian blockade of Berlin when Mr. Marshall's demand for bomber bases in Britain was conceded by Ernest Bevin within twenty-four hours—to the utter amazement of Mr. Marshall. As usual, we were accused both of the most shocking anti-Americanism and of disloyalty to Mr. Bevin in writing in this way. We were reminded that Mr. Bevin's great achievement was to wean America from her isolationism, and we were told that it was a sign of lack of confidence in our great ally to describe these honourable and helpful agreements as a surrender. It is a bit late in the day for Sir Winston and Mr. Eden to become New Statesmen and to cavil at the price paid by the Labour Government for American friendship.

* * *

One other interesting aspect of this affair is the light it throws on the way the Labour Government conducted its business. The revision of the Quebec Agreement was a matter of the utmost importance, yet to judge by the comment of ex-Ministers after last Monday's debate it is doubtful whether even the Defence Committee was informed of the terms of the new agreement. There are many other instances of critical decisions between 1945 and 1950 which were taken by an inner Cabinet consisting of sometimes two and sometimes three Ministers. Secrecy is inevitable in war, but I wonder whether Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin were wise to employ it so ruthlessly in negotiations with the U.S., where nothing remains confidential for long, and decisions un-

known to most of their Cabinet colleagues were soon leaked to the Washington correspondents and then published in full in the reminiscences or biographies of American politicians. In the case of the Quebec Agreement, the leak apparently came from Britain. In the course of his attack on Mr. Attlee, Sir Winston informed the House that he had taken the liberty of sending the text of this secret document to Senator MacMahon. Intrigued by this statement, I have made inquiries and gather that he neither asked nor received permission to do so. What a row there would be if it was found that a Labour ex-Minister had taken it on himself to act in this way!

* * *

One would have thought that everything publishable had already been said recently about "change of sex," but a medical friend has cleared up for me several mysterious points about which I have heard much speculation. It appears that transvestists are not uncommon; and it is easily possible, by hormone treatment, to acquire the secondary characteristics of a woman. Neither of course is there any technical difficulty in depriving a man of his virility (though I understand it is legally mayhem for a doctor to do so). It it also possible by plastic surgery to provide a man with a serviceable substitute for feminine equipment. This does not mean that the man who has changed his sex can have a baby. Nor does it mean that you can go and get your doctor to change your sex; he won't. But the odd thing about this, one would have thought unattractive process, is that since press publicity about recent cases, clinics and doctors have been constantly pestered by men who have wanted to have their sex changed. Apparently these strange and restless men run into hundreds!

* * *

Jimmy Mallon is much to be envied. The life and soul of Toynbee Hall for so many years, he retires, still full of fun, in his eightieth year. He may fairly regard himself as one of life's successes. It was really due to him, and his work on the Trade Boards, that some of the worst East End sweating was stopped; it is certainly due to him that Toynbee Hall has earned its international reputation and become a centre of education and research. It was one of the products of the Settlement movement started by Canon Barnett in the Eighties; I have a copy of the pamphlet *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London* (published in 1883), which then roused the conscience of middle-class England. In politics, I've always thought Mallon more a Liberal than a Socialist, though he has spoken on countless Labour platforms, and was, in earlier days, a great "nationaliser." He has always been a brilliant *raconteur*, weaving a grand yarn out of any trifle. He can also be a grand entertainer in public life. I have heard him transfer this intimate technique to the platform, with astonishing success. Many years ago, I remember him speaking at a bye-election for R. H. Tawney, who spoke, of course, with great authority, command of the facts, and with those occasional turns of irony which have always made his lectures an intellectual treat. I think they were lost on the big audience; but when Jimmy Mallon spoke, everyone was convulsed with laughter from the moment he began discovering a Labour moral in an Irish musical comedy story. His speech became, in a few minutes, a public entertainment—almost as good as one by G.B.S. The difference was that one was sure, when Jimmy had spoken, that more people would vote Labour than when he began; whereas, with Bernard Shaw one could be sure, as someone said, that while he would fill any hall every night, he would lose votes every time for the candidate he was supporting.

* * *

On my way to the B.B.C., where I had to spill a few words of wisdom about the political opinions of Dean Inge, I recalled my favourite specimen of his wit. Reviewing someone's autobiography, he wrote:

> Lives of great men all remind us,
> As we o'er their pages turn,
> That we, too, may leave behind us
> Letters that we ought to burn.

Ruminating on the relevance of these lines to my broadcast I made my way along the passage towards Studio 3B. To my astonishment, I saw red drops falling on to the B.B.C.'s spotless carpeting. I had begun a nose-bleed such as I don't recall having since a small boy. The cause? Not known. The significance? According to the doctors, nil. But the inconvenience? Vast. I left a bloody trail all over the washroom, and proceeded at last, disguised with an incarnadined handkerchief over my face, to the Studio, where I happily explained that the trouble would quickly pass. But it didn't pass, and as I sat with a handkerchief to my face and my head back, looking at the ceiling, I saw a single red spot on the reflector of the electric light. Could I really have made such a good shot as that? Here was further evidence to baffle the B.B.C. detectives following my bloody trail; they would fetch ladders, and expert analysis would probably diagnose red paint. After twenty minutes, a most kindly and efficient Sister arrived to administer First Aid. She had the grip of a lobster, and if my nose didn't leave off bleeding, it was for no lack of pressure on the offending blood vessels. After another twenty minutes, the doctor was fetched. He proceeded to stuff gauze up my nostril, so that however much the blood wanted to get away, it just damn well couldn't. An hour later, my script still unspoken, Dean Inge's verse still withheld from a heedless world, I slipped out of the B.B.C. unobserved, into a taxi, probably the only man who has ever entered it wearing a white shirt, and leaving it in a red one. I felt almost sorry for the Beaverbrook Press. They don't often miss a break, but on this occasion they hadn't spotted Critic leaving the B.B.C. gagged, and with a bloody nose!

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mrs. — had complained of her husband's language. He had used words which the Commissioner thought inelegant. It was especially regrettable that such language should be used at Letchworth. "It is not up to the standard which would have been expected by the founders of the garden city."—*Daily Telegraph*. (J. Dewen.)

By visiting Christ Church, Hampstead, more often during the day and kneeling down to pray parishioners could guard their church from being burgled, the vicar . . . told them at the annual meeting in the Bickersteth Hall last Thursday.—*Hampstead & Highgate Express*. (Frances Krusin.)

Televiewers in Chiswick have complained to the B.B.C. that they suffered heartburn recently after Dr. Glyn Daniel, the chairman of "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?" pointed a West African witch-doctor's idol at the camera.—*Daily Telegraph*. (J. M. G. Barton.)

We must preserve the Boat Race in these days of the hydrogen bomb. Otherwise life becomes intolerable.—From *The Listener*. (Gisela Herwig.)

ATOMIC ETHICS

Experiments polluting the Pacific
The conscience of mankind are said to shock;
Hiroshima itself was less horrific,
And nations of the free world taking stock
Note that advance in carnage scientific
Warns mankind it is putting back the clock—
The scheduled crack of doom will gather speed
If Britain does not give a moral lead.

Strong is the sense of moral indignation
But Britain the realities must face,
Defence remains the first consideration,
With competition in the atom race.
Our weapons of complete annihilation
With greater Atom-Powers keeping pace,
To yet more strenuous exertions spurred,
Since in atomic strength we rank but third.

Though Britons, swept by momentary hysteria
Demand Bikini tests must forthwith cease,
Because of detonations in Siberia,
A-bombs in Woomera we must release,
And try the death-potential of bacteria
For safeguarding and stabilising peace,
Though the necessity we must deplore,
Committed to defensive atom war.

If we review the case with calm and sanity
The hydrogen explosion we should bless,
Not incompatible with Christianity
If dropped for justice and for righteousness.
Mass murder is no crime against humanity
If aimed against the tyrants who oppress—
Our spiritual conflict has been solved
And conscience from all guiltiness absolved.

By irresponsible uproar unshaken,
Great Britain piles atomic armament—
The ethical decision has been taken,
The people by their silence give consent.
Abandonment of tests would be mistaken
Until potential enemies repent,
Therefore the world in Britain will not find
The spokesman for the conscience of mankind.

SAGITTARIUS

Mr. Lewis Sees a Vision

In the exciting days of late 1945 when demobilised temporary gentlemen were looking for civilian jobs appropriate to their rank, I met a natty morning-suited figure I had last seen in battle dress and suede shoes.

"What are you doing now?" I asked.

"I'm a partner in a large chain of department stores," he said.

No more than two pips in six years' service, I reflected, and now a partner in a retail chain! I am wiser now; for I have learned that all employees in the John Lewis group of companies, which operate twenty-one department stores and forty other shops from Oxford Street to Liverpool, are partners in the enterprise. This is by wish, will and execution of the chairman, Mr. John Spedan Lewis. As Mr. Lewis's partnership is regarded by many people as the blue-print for a new pattern of industrial relations, it is worth investigation.

In 1929 Mr. Lewis established a trust in favour of his employees, who became Partners overnight. The keystone of the trust is the John Lewis Partnership, Ltd., to which Mr. Lewis gave his reversionary interest in 600,000 ordinary shares and his one-fifth interest in the dividends of these shares. It also owns the remaining 300,000 ordinary shares. Dividends on ordinary shares, therefore, are payable to the partnership. The residue of profits, after paying dividend on capital, is distributed to the partners in the form of

negotiable shares and as a contribution to the pension fund. Through the years the Partnership has thus produced for its members a sum just short of £3½ million.

Partnership brings responsibilities and burdens to be shared in hard times, as well as benefits in good times. In June, 1952, the Partnership set out to cut costs by £155,000 a year to meet a decline in sales. This was achieved by a percentage cut in wages and salaries ranging from twenty per cent. on higher salaries to nothing on wages under £12 a week. The cuts have now been restored, with a bonus; but at the time some of the partners objected. One of them voiced his protest in Calypso form in the columns of the Partnership journal, the *Gazette*. Signed "Rum Jamaican," it goes:

> The Chairman gave us pay cuts but relief will abound
> If his own Sweet Mystery of Life to us he'll expound
> For although he gave his wealth away he still has a flair
> For living all the while just like a millionaire.
> Ole, ole, what a Partnership!

The columns of the *Gazette* comment rather firmly on Rum Jamaican's little effort: it is "part of the price that has to be paid for the enormous advantages of freedom of speech . . . we must be on our guard against plague and typhus and against such feelings as Rum Jamaican has and tries to spread." Ole, ole!

Mr. Lewis's determination to maintain and foster his ideal of creating a living, democratic partnership, and his equal determination to be at hand to foster it, has given the Chairman control of the paysheet and the pension fund (subject to the constitution of the Partnership). It has led him to evolve a system of checks and balances, under which he is backed by a majority of his own nominees on the Central Board. It has given the Chairman life tenure up to the age of seventy-five, unless he infringes the constitution, and the right to nominate his own successor. It gives him the arbitrary right to expel any member from the team. As he puts it, "These laws [the laws of partnership] require of each partner a certain efficiency, a certain compliance not only with the letter, but with the spirit of the laws. A cricketer can be declared 'out for obstruction.' What is 'obstruction' in cricket? What the umpire says it is. What is unfitness to come into a particular partnership or to stop in it? What its Chairman says it is." And elsewhere, "I should for my part favour strongly the elimination of people who appeared to be persistently and seriously dissatisfied." The same democratic principles have led Mr. Lewis to assume the powers of Principal Press Censor of the Partnership's journals.

The Chairman, therefore, possesses a strong armoury of powers, many of which he can no doubt justify. He can point to the example of Filenes Department Store in Boston, Mass., which at one time returned the profits of the enterprise to its employees in the form of negotiable shares with full voting rights. Unfortunately the workers preferred to sell their shares for cash rather than to use the voting rights they carried in order to exercise democratic control. In time an outside group bought the majority of shares from the employees, took over the firm, wound up the whole profit sharing scheme and killed the experiment. Mr. Lewis's retention of control should certainly serve to prevent such an untimely end to his Partnership.

His powers of arbitrary dismissal are used rarely. Even then the Partners, through a Council of which two-thirds of the seats are filled by direct election on a constituency basis, can award large sums by way of compensation if they feel the Chairman has been unjust. The power of censorship again is used rarely and then only to prevent breaches of normal commercial security. It is not used to protect the Chairman from criticism.

Despite his traducers Mr. Lewis has laboured on. A Partnership Council has been established. It did not take root easily. In its early days Mr. Lewis had to provide it with its agenda. Once it almost died on him. Strange that the Partners have not taken more interest in it—after all it has some disposition of funds. It can decide some issues of minor policy. It can question major policy. The questions will be answered—even if decision rests elsewhere. Apathy is the destruction of democracy in many spheres, from trades unions to Borough Councils. But perhaps in the Partnership apathy is to be expected so long as all real power is retained by the Chairman.

But to phrase things in this way indicates, Mr. Lewis would feel, a failure to understand democracy. Mr. Lewis points to the existence of a judiciary in all democracies, and he likens himself, within the commercial state which is the partnership, to the judiciary in a nation State. At other times he likens himself, as Chairman, to the President of the U.S. No doubt modesty prevents Mr. Lewis from likening himself to the British Monarch. But surely this is a more apt parallel. For, after all, the citizens of the U.S. can change their President every four years. Mr. Lewis goes on until he is seventy-five, then he nominates his successor. He is in fact a constitutional monarch vested with, inside his empire, far more real power than a Prime Minister.

It is easy to criticise the nature of democracy in the partnership. Mr. Lewis can point out that it is easy to criticise the nature of democracy in trades unions, Local Government, France and Western Germany and the U.S. But there is one difference, a difference which nullifies Mr. Lewis's attempt to create a microcosm of a democratic nation state in his commercial community. No government in a democratic nation can exclude. The membership of the nation community is fixed by birth. But the membership of a commercial community is fixed by selection and mistakes can be rectified by expulsion. The democracy of any nation or trades union is made more real by the existence of organised articulate opposition to the governing authority. But the emergence of a vigorous opposition is unthinkable in a self-contained commercial enterprise where by the nature of humanity the individual is bound to have an eye on the source of his pay cheque, the likelihood of promotion and the possibility of dismissal. This I think is the real reason for distrust and dislike of the partnership. The Partnership brings many benefits to the employees. Conditions are on the whole better than in comparable fields. There is a good superannuation scheme, profits are returned to those who labour, national wage rates are supplemented by family allowances, grievances real and trivial can be voiced without reprisal.

It is not that Mr. Lewis is not a benevolent employer. Distrust is occasioned by his claim to be more. He is, of course, a visionary—and visionaries are sometimes smug. He is an innovator—and innovators are sometimes extravagant in their claims. He is open to suspicion because he does not conform to type. I would like all employers to be brutal and grasping and all workers to be idealistic and honest. I am therefore instinctively suspicious of employers who are not brutal, as I am petulantly resentful of workers who are not Socialists. Making allowances, however, for all these emotional reactions against the Partnership, I still find that it is not democracy. I do not base this solely upon the existence of notices outside urinals and washrooms which designate them "*For Senior Partners Only.*" I base it upon the impossibility of organised opposition.

It is probable that democracy, embodying the opportunity of real opposition, is more nearly achieved in any ordinary industrial firm, in which the workers are organised in a trades union, represented by a shop steward, secured against victimisation by the will of their workmates, and on major issues represented by outside negotiators whose authority and status do not stem from the employer. It cannot, however, be suggested that Mr. Lewis has deliberately conceived his Partnership as a weapon against trades unions. The Transport and General Workers Union has a closed shop in its field within the firm. As for the rest, the young ladies and gentlemen behind the counter, they are of a type which throughout the department store field, in Britain, Canada and the U.S.A., with very few exceptions, consider themselves a cut above working-class organisation. If they were as concerned with industrial democracy as their boss claims he is, they would find their way forward more by the creation of independent trades union organisation than by the illusion of Partnership.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Report on Poland

II. The Oppositions

NINE years after the war and more than four years after the Communists established their mastery, the Polish regime still faces two great forces of opposition at home. One is the peasantry, four-fifths of whom have demonstrated their enmity towards Collective and State farms by refusing to enter them. The other is the Catholic Church. Neither of these important groups is politically organised for resistance. The Church hierarchy has in fact capitulated to the Government and sworn an oath of allegiance to the Communist-run State. On the other hand, the Church's hold on some nine-tenths of the Polish population is unbroken. The Government's efforts to promote a "patriotic," meaning subservient, wing of the Church have had negligible results. Lay Catholics who are in charge of this *gleichgeschaltet* branch of Catholicism are attempting the impossible by trying to reconcile the Catholic faith with Marxian dialectics.

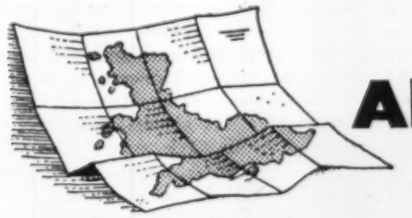
A talk I had with Jozef Cyrankiewicz, now Prime Minister, elicited what seemed a clear admission of the Church's surviving power. I asked the 42-year-old, red-cheeked, balding Minister whether the Government would put the Primate of Poland, Cardinal Wyszynski, on trial. (Since the Government deposed him last September, he has been in confinement.) The reply was: "We have no intention of trying him. He is in a cloister."

Having heard unofficially that the Primate is in custody on a large estate near the Baltic coast, I asked: "Where is he?" Cyrankiewicz said that was a secret.

"Why?"

"We don't want his whereabouts exploited politically," was the answer. Clearly, the Government is anxious lest publicity about the Cardinal's abode should cause Poles in big numbers to engage in pilgrimages to the spot.

If the Episcopate of the Catholic Church in Poland is the prisoner of the regime, as it is, this doesn't prevent masses of Poles from turning to the priest when they wish to express silent opposition to the Government. I visited about a dozen churches in Warsaw, Wroclaw and Cracow. They were almost all overflowing with the faithful,



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OUT OF PEDIGREE COMES PACE

some of whom were standing in the street because there was no more room inside. On Corpus Christi Day last June, more than a million Poles—roughly the same number as in pre-war years—rode or walked to their country's religious centre, Czestochowa. When the Government deposed Wyszynski on September 26, the large church attendance throughout the land rose even further. It was the only form of protest available.

How did the Church's submission come about? During the week-end of last September 26, some 23 members of the Episcopate were rounded up in various dioceses throughout Poland and brought to Warsaw. There the Government told them Wyszynski had been ousted as Primate. A militant anti-Communist for about 30 years, the Cardinal is said to have refused to endorse the 12-year sentence pronounced on the Catholic Bishop Kaczmarek. Members of the hierarchy were "requested" to sign a declaration urging the people to co-operate with the Government in the interest of Church and State. They signed.

Actually, the Church leaders had become captives of the regime almost four years ago. On April 14, 1950, the Episcopate and the Polish Government signed an agreement in Warsaw, regulating their relations. Its most significant Article recognised the Pope as supreme head of the Church in matters of faith, morality and church jurisdiction, "while in other matters the Episcopate will be guided by Polish State interests." The pact omitted to say who decides the nature of "other matters" in which State interests shall dictate the Church's behaviour. This gave the Government an instrument with which it could, and did, curb the Church.

There was one conspicuous exception to the State's ban against Church encroachment on the political domain. The Government courted the Church's intervention on Poland's behalf in the dispute with the Vatican concerning the provinces taken from Germany. The Holy See has declined to withdraw from German bishops their authority in regions now under Polish rule. A leading Western diplomat in Warsaw, in close touch with high Church leaders, told me: "The Vatican is not going to reorganise the Church to conform with what it thinks are temporary political boundaries." This attitude has enabled the Government to convince many Poles that the Vatican is pro-German.

Last December 17, bishops and humbler priests who form the Episcopate's governing committee complied with the Government's demand and swore an oath of allegiance to the Polish Government. They appear to have surrendered for two main reasons: first, to assure that high offices of the Church continue to be held by loyal Catholics; and secondly, to ensure that seminaries—schools for training priests—remain open and under Church control. A third reason for submitting may well have been that all men are not made of the stuff of martyrs.

The Government, meanwhile, meticulously refrains from interfering with attendance at Churches, or with ritual, confessional or other facets of strictly religious activity. But it has taken from the Church's hands nearly all charitable work. Orphanages have been withdrawn from the Church's realm. The Government has deprived the Catholic hierarchy of its publications and delivered them to the tame, "patriotic" Catholic laity.

What struck me most in the churches I visited was the high ratio of young people attending services. In some instances, a hurried count showed that three-fourths of the congregation consisted of youth. I saw a number of miners, recognisable by their caps, and Army officers, N.C.O.s and privates standing, kneeling or seated. As United Press correspondent for some months between the wars in Russia, I had always noticed the preponderance of old folk among the dwindling flocks still going to Church in Moscow, Leningrad or in the towns of the Caucasus. The Polish Communists have failed to break the Church's grip on Poland's youth. Many young people have joined the Union of Communist Youth for career reasons; but they continue to go to church in obedience to upbringing and tradition. Cyrankiewicz told me that there are still approximately 2,000 convents and monasteries in Poland. There are more churches than ever despite their savage destruction in the war. Today they total 8,374, without counting the 1,690 small chapels. The 1,662 churches acquired in the new territories—Silesia, East Prussia and Pomerania—were put at the Polish clergy's disposal.

The continuing strength of Catholicism among the Polish peasantry is a factor which complicates a problem rendered grave by peasant antagonism toward collectivisation and the lag of farm output behind industrial production. Polish peasants are conservative. This has at least as much as bad weather to do with unsatisfactory food conditions, necessitating the import of 1,000,000 tons of grain in 1953. Cyrankiewicz told me that approximately the same amount of cereals—chiefly wheat from Russia—must be bought abroad in 1954; and when I spoke with the Polish Communist Party's chief agricultural economist, Jerzy Tepicht, he was candid enough to confirm that a substantial majority of the country's peasants are against Collective and State farms. He outspokenly disclosed that in the past three years 150 Collective farms have been disbanded because undue pressure was put on peasants to enter them or because the Collectives were too small or otherwise not viable. On the other hand, the yield of wheat and other cereals per acre on Collectives is appreciably higher than on private farms. Yet this and many other inducements have failed to attract peasants. The 8.5 per cent. of the land in Collectives in Poland is a much smaller ratio than the average of collectivisation among all other States in the Soviet camp. In Poland another 12 per cent. of the arable soil is in State farms.

The difference should be made clear. Peasants on State farms are State-paid wage-earners, like workers in nationalised factories; those in the Collectives remain individual owners of their land. If a member of a Collective wants to quit, he is entitled either to contract out with his own land, or (on one year's notice) to get an equivalent plot of soil elsewhere. This marks a difference from the Soviet Collectives, where no peasant owns any part of the land. Of three million peasant families in Poland, some 200,000 are in Collectives, and 300,000 are on State farms.

Before the war, according to the most reliable estimate, the surplus population engaged in Poland's agriculture was around six million. Since then, about two million have migrated to the cities, mostly becoming industrial workers. This has caused a fundamental change in the whole structure of Polish society. Whereas, as in pre-war years, roughly 67 per cent. of the nation's inhabitants were rural, today the figure is 48 per cent. One consequence is that there is almost 50 per cent. more land per rural inhabitant than before the war.

Collectivisation was started in 1949, when 200 collectives were formed. Today there are 8,300. Proceeding at a rate of about 2 per cent. a year, Poles smilingly speak of "our 50-year plan for collectivisation." In 1948–49 the pace was speeded a little. Peasants resisted by slaughtering pigs, eating them and disposing of other farm produce as they wished.

The Government first tried peremptory methods. It sent punitive expeditions into villages; it confiscated some cattle; it staged public trials of recalcitrant farmers; it raised taxes for certain resisters. These tactics failed: resistance grew, there was general reluctance, which persists, to join the Collectives. Communist Party agents who appeared in the countryside were sometimes chased with pitchforks or scythes. Then, in 1951, the Communist leaders admitted their blunder. They staged a show trial at Gryfice, near Szczecin, at which a local Communist Party secretary and the chief of the district secret police were given stiff prison sentences for their excesses against the peasants. The trial was widely publicised to curry favour with the farmers.

After that, the Communist rulers systematically went all out in substituting sugar for the whip. They promised premiums in money, clothes and industrial articles for improved food deliveries to the State. They offered land on easy payments for newly-weds. The State proffered farmers' loans on light terms for livestock purchases, building improvements and investment in such industrial crops as flax, hemp, oilseed. The Government offered to supply extra household goods and put aside furniture, pots, pans and other utensils for farmers. It told the peasant that, if he produced a fixed quota, he would be given a certificate authorising him to buy reasonably such items as artificial fertilisers, nails, bricks, cement, coal and timber. Coddling the peasant has lately gone to even greater lengths in a promise that if farm production increases in the next few years, the level of compulsory food deliveries to the State will remain stationary. This means, of course, that as the peasant increases his produce he can sell his growing surplus on the free market at much higher prices (often threefold) than he gets from the State. In short, though the regime has fought and won against the Church hierarchy, 80 per cent. of the peasants, though wholly unorganised, have successfully formed an opposition which the Government has had to appease.

FREDERICK KUH

The Sorcerer's Apprentice

DURING last week we were offered one of those sudden, sharp, super-real images of the human condition which are apt to occur now and then at a time of crisis, when for a moment someone pulls the door ajar, and we see through the chink not just chaos but the machinery which operates it. The image appeared upon page four of the fourth report of the Standing Committee on Museums and Galleries. Writers of prophetic novels have, hitherto, missed one outstanding opportunity. While producing into the future the lines of television and rockets and H-bombs, stereoscopy and anti-biotics, they have forgotten the museum, the mania for an organised and systematic collection of all that man has made which is one of the obsessions of our civilisation. To know whether in 150 years there are still museums or not, to know what kind of places they might be, would be evidence for a great deal more of our activity.

In one of the greatest and most venerable museums in the world, the B.M., the process has got out of hand. Here, writ huge, are personal problems of the loaded attic, the bookshelves on moving day, the garden after three months' absence. In the Library the arrears in the cataloguing of presented books amounts to 70,000

Continuous Performance

'EVERYTHING FLOWS, NOTHING IS STILL' said the Greek sage Heracleitus 2,500 years ago—but he might have been speaking of an I.C.I. chemical plant today. One of the main lines along which chemical manufacturing is developing is in the introduction of continuous processes to replace production in batches. This line of development is also being followed, of course, in other, more familiar fields. Just as the smooth surge of power from the jet engine is replacing the supply of little 'packets' of energy by the piston engine, so in modern chemical plants the continuous transformation of raw material into finished products is replacing the batch by batch methods of yesterday. In these developments, I.C.I. is playing a pioneering part.

There are still certain products where so many different varieties of material have to be specially made that 'batch' production is unavoidable but, whenever possible, I.C.I. has introduced continuous processing, and most new plants—such as those now operating or under construction on the great new site at Wilton, in North Yorkshire—are designed to operate 60 minutes in every hour, night and day. One outstanding example is the new Wilton plant for making an important synthetic resin for the plastics industry. This resin used to be made in a series of stages; today, the finished product emerges on a conveyor belt in a continuous stream. A process of this type places heavy demands upon the designers of special instruments and automatic controls, because these devices are the very crux of the operation. But the skill and experience of I.C.I.'s engineers and instrument experts has been equal to all eventualities, and the latest I.C.I. plants set new standards for efficiency in production.

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volumes. At Colindale "thousands of volumes of newspapers cannot be made available as there is no one to sort them." In the Department of Manuscripts "the Catalogue of Additions is twenty-eight years in arrears." More than 5,000 manuscripts are in need of binding, while the present average progress is 120 a year. In the Department of Coins and Medals "a large number of lead coins, tokens and medals are in a state of disintegration," and in the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities "a large number of valuable bronzes are suffering alarming deterioration." And the report on the Department of Ethnography presents the same situation. Some visits to the basements of the Museum a few years ago, where this department's objects were then distributed in the strangest quarters, made an unforgettable impression. It was a spectacle away from life, something fit only for allegory.

The British Museum provides the most spectacular entry in a thirty-five page report, but elsewhere marks of the same infection are revealed. "Five of the air-conditioned rooms are still closed to the public and are therefore of no benefit to the pictures which need the air-conditioning most, since those are the pictures which the public needs most to see. Meanwhile, in the one air-conditioned room open to the public, not a single instance of deterioration has been observed; whereas in the non-conditioned rooms evidence of enlarged cracks or loose paint accumulates after almost every inspection." That is the National Gallery. Indeed, the whole report makes one consider whether in this country we have the resources to maintain the level of collection and preservation which our existing stocks encourage.

To see the whole picture we must go far beyond the limits of this report. We must include, for example, the controversy over Holland House, the surrender of our museums and galleries to a strict art historical direction which is demanded by the opponents of the National Galleries Bill, a surrender, to use a distinction made, I believe, by Bode, to the eunuchs rather than the pimps of the museum world. We must include not only the many provincial museums not considered by this Committee, but the mushroom ones which have been cropping vigorously in recent years, museums of toys or leathercraft or public transport. We must remember the very strong antiquarian prejudice which influences contemporary taste. The situation has so many heads, indeed, that nothing but a vast operation will do more than paper the cracks. The gleeful suggestion of the Beaverbrook press that here is an ideal cause in which to sacrifice the British Council is generous but inadequate. "Long before that time [i.e., 12-15 years] the question of the complete re-housing of the National Library must be finally answered." "With the continuance of essential intake the complete filling of the building is in sight within the present decade (Scottish Record Office). The National Gallery of Scotland has a purchase grant-in-aid of £3,750." "The most recent sale to America from a Scottish private collection of a painting for which the National Gallery has been negotiating was at a price of £80,000."

The United States is, perhaps the one country in the world which has the resources, the money, the space, the men, the energy to meet the refusal to let anything slip into oblivion. Perhaps they alone, and this is even more important, have the vitality to do this and remain an active and creative people.

Once collecting went hand in hand with taste, sometimes even with judgment. Some things were kept because they seemed worth keeping, others found their natural end in quick or slow decay. Now the official collector had better keep his taste and his judgment at home, for his business is completeness. Together the keepers and curators seek an absolute completeness. This object, which is not a work of art, may find its home in the museum of leathercraft, and, if not there, in an ethnographical department, where it will be preserved because somewhere at some time some man made it. And yet while we collect the evidence of mankind's traditions by the amassing of material objects, our most fatal decisions are not determined by much sense of human continuity. The artist who signs his work with day and month, the cataloguer's hero, cocks a snook at history. And the process of collecting now allows no respite, for the gap between past and present, between the thing being made and the thing ready to be collected is now so narrow. Before the ink is dry upon that last correction, before the final image has escaped from him, the poet may sense the excitement of the Librarian of the Lockwood Memorial Library, Buffalo, who is interested in what he is at and has a card index at hand. That is why the prophetic novelist might well ask how many museums will there be in 2100, or whether the confusion in our own national system may not then have spread elsewhere, or whether perhaps someone here or there has said No and some officials, like the man at Waterloo Station, have broken some plates not by accident but by design.

I wonder how many of the harassed officials of the British Museum noticed a story which came out of the United States some years ago. Two Harlem brothers were found dead in the heart of their tall terrace house, so encumbered by the objects they had dragged in, including, it is said, seventeen grand pianos, that only the rats could move, and find life and food in a place which had to be prised open, collected piece by piece collected, like a mediæval fortress. If ever we find another novel by Kafka it may well be called *The Museum.*

BASIL TAYLOR

The Other Stratford

WHILE in London for a few days, I had the brainwave of ringing up the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.15, and asking for my old friend John Evans. I had known John for years in Moscow, where, towards the end of the war, he became the *Daily Herald* correspondent. But, being the correspondent of the *Daily Herald* was just one of the great variety of jobs he had done in his life. Now, I knew, he was a docker down at the Surrey Docks, but was also doing something in "the musical line" at the Stratford theatre. In the bad and hungry Thirties, in his native Manchester (he often used to talk about it with bitter humour in the Moscow days), he had been on the dole for a long time; and then he had learned to play the flute, and had played it in a "Hungarian band," made up of unemployed young fellows from Lancashire. They were dressed up in some sort of fancy uniforms, all braid and tassels, like Franz Joseph's hussars out of the *Merry Widow*, and they were told to talk gibberish which, during their visits to Blackburn and Wigan and Bolton, was meant to pass off as Hungarian.

Ever since I had known John, he was tall and thin, with masses of black unruly hair, and a loud guffawing laugh, and strangely long, delicate hands. He was a Mancunian right enough, out of the depths of Moss Side. He lived with his aged parents—his father was a retired postman—in one of those grimy "self-contained" little houses in one of those hundreds of streets of Moss Side that look all alike. He had seen the worst of England in the Thirties, and was extremely class-conscious in the good, angry kind of way. "A rough diamond," the younger and more liberal diplomats would say of John.

Anyway, to return to the "Hungarian band" of the Lancashire unemployed. The thing didn't last, of course, and John was again on the dole. I don't know how it all happened, but he went off to Russia. Russia was something, in those days, to the 25-year-old unemployed of Manchester. And in Moscow, too, they were more hospitable to foreigners than they are today. John picked up some Russian, and he got a job as a translator into English. He helped to bring out a three-volume Soviet edition of Shakespeare (in English), and he was given large chunks of Lenin and Stalin to translate. When the war came, he became a journalist, just as, when the war was over, he became, first, an undertaker's clerk in Manchester, and then a docker down at the Surrey Docks. I never knew a man who was less attached to routine, to the humdrum existence of the lower middle class. To look at John one would never believe what so many have said: that all that the proletariat really wants is to become petit-bourgeois. No, he was not interested in continuity, or the home—which represents continuity. I remember his wife once saying: "Oh, he has far too much of an inner life!" It sounded like a compliment, but, I am sure, was not intended that way. But the truth is, of course, that he did have an "inner life"—and this inner life was music. The flute and the Hungarian band were among the things that mattered. The translations of Lenin and the *Soviet Shakespeare* and the *Daily Herald* were, after all, just means of keeping alive and of making money; only, when John had money, he didn't put it in the savings bank, but blewed it, travelled first class from London to Manchester, and, in the old days at the Metropole Hotel in Moscow, he would treat the waiters and local spivs to tumblers of vodka and caviare sandwiches.

And, on the quiet, he composed. I hate manuscript music, and usually find it quite illegible. So the few sheets of music he sent me, in the last year or two, I just dumped among a lot of old letters, being unable to distinguish between a hand-written sharp and a hand-written natural. But the last time I heard from John, I learned that he had taken a job in the Surrey Docks, and that he was also "musical director" or something at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.15—an odd combination. But how like John! So when I phoned the Theatre Royal, the Manager said that "Jack" wasn't there that night, but would I like to come on Sunday, when he would be "conducting for the first time a concert of his own works."

On the 25 Bus from Holborn I got there in the end. Stratford . . . A blaze of neon signs. All looks much less grubby than it did before the blitz. Stratford. . . . What was it again? . . . *atte Bowe, but French of Paris was to her unknowe.* About all one remembers (more or less) from Chaucer. "Yes, cross the street, and go down Angel Lane." I like these Victorian "Theatre Royals," with red plush seats and the horsehair coming out. John was in full evening dress, white tie and all. "And the Docks?" "Ah," he said, "look!" and showed his dark-grey horny palms. There was a band of fifteen. "Professionals?" "Well, sort of. Some of them are. I'll play the piano. The old chap

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wants to conduct. Well, let him." The orchestra had fifteen, the audience about thirty people, members of "our club." Not many in Stratford would come on a Sunday night just to hear a band play—not John Evans, anyway. The "old man" did conduct, and, gosh, how badly he conducted. And John, in full evening dress, was in the back, banging at the piano, and muttering loud curses at the "old man": "Murdered," he said in the interval. Still, it didn't matter.

The Evans music was considered "heavy" by the "old man." So after two Evanses he would play selections from *Faust*, and a Waldteufel waltz; and then he was really in his element. You'd think you were in Stratford Green on a Sunday afternoon. And then more Evans, and then more *Faust* and, to end up, a thing by a B.B.C. composer called *Welsh Rhapsody*. What were the Evans pieces? First: *Overture*, THE OVERCOAT (Gogol); then BODES DEL SANGRE, *Intermezzo*; then *Overture*, LYSISTRATA (Aristophanes); then *Ballet Suite*, ALCOVES; and, finally, DANCE OF THE CHESSMEN (*Alice in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll), the programme explained. Odd, very odd. I had already heard John, down in Moss Side, play to me on his tinny old piano the March from *The Overcoat*. My God, I thought then, the chap *is* original, original harmonies, tunes that aren't like anybody else's tunes, a good deal of inventiveness about the rhythms—though, at times, the rhythms are a bit reminiscent of something—now what is it? And here, in the old mid-Victorian theatre as the band played Evans, and not one piece, but five or six pieces, it became clear to me what a curious amalgam of moods and influences the whole thing represented.

For one thing, he had obviously learned composition in Russia. But it wasn't Russian music. And, above all, it wasn't programme music. The *Sangre* (some Spanish play, I take it) and the Aristophanes and *Alice in Wonderland*, and even the Gogol were neither here nor there. It was all subjective, terribly subjective, Evans music. Often it had English folk-dance rhythms, and a kind of frantic, self-conscious determination to compose in major, almost invariably in major, so as never to fall into sloppiness; but throughout it all, there was a feeling of acute nostalgia for something un-English, for a world on the fringes of which Evans had lived for years—the world of Prokofiev and Shostakovich, a world of the late Thirties and perhaps the Forties in Russia—which also is a world of the past. Yet it was not imitation Russian music—for all its occasional Prokofievisms and occasional echoes of Shostakovich at his gloomiest and most catastrophic. The basis of the music was essentially English—with Lancashire, and Moss Side and the evil Thirties as their background, with their grievances, and hopes, and disillusionment, and all. Bitter, self-conscious music. And how significant it was you realised even more clearly as you were treated by the "old man" to the *Welsh Rhapsody* by "a B.B.C. composer." Here, with its obvious folktune stuff, was Socialist Realism *à l'anglaise*—the sort of thing Zhdanov would have loved—but which Evans despised. It had no reference to anything except hills and sheep. I don't know whether people other than the 15 bandsmen of Stratford, E.15, will ever play Evans's music; I hope they do. They may not think it technically perfect. But I still think that in music, as in all other arts, there can be psychological documents of our time which deserve to be closely looked at. Evans is, in a way, typical of his generation, of his environment. He is looking for the Thirties still, but the Thirties are no longer with us.

ALEXANDER WERTH

The Arts and Entertainment

ALPHA PLUS

THE Arts Theatre Club is at present providing one of those all too rare experiences in the theatre, an evening of pure unadulterated and continuous delight. Giraudoux's *Intermezzo*, translated (admirably by Maurice Valency) as *The Enchanted*, is indeed an enchantment. It is wise and witty, poetical and shrewd, fanciful and yet profound in its implied comments on the human scene. As in *La Folle de Chaillot*—but it is much better as a whole—Giraudoux opposes to the ordinary common run of grey human routine the principle of active happiness. It is embodied here in a young provincial girl, Isabel, who is in touch with the local ghost. And ever since the appearance of this ghost, a young man who had been the centre of a crime of passion, there have happened in the town remarkable things. Happiness has descended on it! And, further, Chance has discovered for once a sense of the fitness of things. In the local lottery the cash prize has gone to the neediest couple instead of, as usual, to the local millionaire, while the consolation prize of a motor bicycle has gone, for the first time, to a dashing young man, instead of, as usual, to the Mother Superior of the Convent.

"They," the authorities in Paris, are horrified at this "subversion of the natural order," in Mr. Charles Morgan's phrase, and send down an Inspector, the very embodiment of good sense, Reason and the Regulations, to report on these alarming manifestations of cosmic radicalism. He sets about trying to persuade the local committee—the Mayor, the Doctor and the young Supervisor of Weights and Measures—that there is no ghost and that Isabel is a wicked influence. The second clause is the easier to prove, for Isabel is standing in for the local schoolmistress and the flock of little girls who accompany her are soon shown to be in a most dangerous state of insubordinate enjoyment. They are neither in black nor in line as little girls should be, and their knowledge is poetry instead of facts. Less easy to prove is the non-existence of the ghost, and the Inspector has to fall back on trying to exorcise it.

But I must not indulge myself by continuing a description of the play, for inevitably a prosy précis destroys the delicacy and anyhow can give no idea of the ingenious invention and charming fancy which build up the play from this beginning. These never flag for a moment. The play is excellently constructed for the theatre, with comic *coup* following comic *coup*; and it is quite beautifully written. M. Anouilh evidently owes an enormous debt to Giraudoux, and this play strikes me as having every chance of being as much a success with a wider public as *Ring Round the Moon*.

Mr. John Fernald is to be warmly congratulated on his production of a play that makes considerable demands on the producer. There is, first, an unusual amount of tricky stage management, which was triumphantly achieved at the Arts. The great comic climax, for instance, where the ghost has made its last bid for Isabel: she is "out" but still revivable, and the whole cast combine with the tin-pot town band outside to get through to her consciousness a concerted symphony of sounds from the living world to draw her back. It is a superb scene, and it was splendidly handled. No less difficult for the producer was to strike truly the wide range of notes that the play needs and yet sustain the prevailing mood of fantasy which holds it together. Again, admirably done, especially since the cast, though all thoroughly in the spirit and quite good enough to make the play go, were not ideal. Miss Valerie Hanson, for instance, seemed to be playing very much against type, well though she managed it; and though Mr. Richard Warner did well too with the biggest part, the Inspector's, ideal casting would bring much more out of the role; the same can be said of Mr. Emrys Jones's young man. Mr. Peter Wyngarde took the ghostly young man with style and the flock of little girls was charming. One performance was quite outstanding. Mr. Lionel Jeffries is a newcomer of the very highest ability and could not be better in the difficult role of the Doctor who effects the transitions. Mr. Jeffries has that indefinable thing "quality," allied with the priceless asset of "weight," which does not mean that he is heavy—just the opposite—but that his lightest gesture and shift of intonation carry far and deep. I do not remember seeing Mr. Jeffries before, except in *Carrington V.C.*, and a fine little sketch in the Arts Theatre's *Blood Wedding*. But I feel sure I shall often have the pleasure of watching his acting again, for if managements and producers have any discernment, he obviously has a big future.

The new American musical *Pal Joey* (Rodgers and Hart), at the Princes, is very much to my taste. Its great merit is that it is wholly unsentimental in treating a crude subject. A tough little gigolo gets himself picked up by a rich woman and installed in a night club and then gets himself dropped. Such is the unedifying story. No sweet girls arrive to bring out the good in him, and neither his motives nor those of his protectress are at any point slurred over. The squeamish may not like it, but Miss Carol Bruce puts over what might otherwise be objectionable lines with such artistry that offence is impossible. Mr. Harold Lang acts in character and dances with a very controlled dash.

The New Lindsey has inaugurated a season of Irish plays beginning with the masterpiece *Juno and the Paycock*, which will be followed by Paul Vincent Carroll's *Shadow and Substance*. Mr. Liam Redmond, at the head of a good, competent company, guarantees our pleasure.

T. C. WORSLEY

LATE NIELSEN

A GOOD deal of Carl Nielsen has been played in London concert halls or on the air this year, more especially his later and less familiar works. As well as the beautifully clear and pianistic *Theme and Variations*, we have had the *Suite*, Opus 45, which is inaccessible (being published by Peters and out of print) and uncompromisingly intellectual. Its dedication to that great and uncompromisingly intellectual pianist, Artur Schnabel, is entirely appropriate, though I cannot say whether he ever played it in public. In any case, not Schnabel himself could have given a more masterly account of it than did the Dane, Arne Skjold-Rasmussen, who showed himself in other music, too, to be a pianist of consequence. Anthony Bernard has given us our first chance to hear the enigmatic Sixth Symphony and, with Geoffrey Gilbert, the semi-lyrical, semi-comic Flute Concerto, in which the soloist fights a losing battle with the good-natured vulgarity of a trombone. Much as I have enjoyed Mr. Bernard's musicianship on other occasions, and greatly as I respect his enterprise, I must add that he seemed slightly out of his depth in these deceptive Northern waters. These are tricky works to bring off, and neither of them was adequately performed.

Such events, for all their interest, have paled beside a powerful and dramatic reading—one of the best things we have had lately from Sir Malcolm Sargent and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra—of Nielsen's Fifth Symphony. It was with this work that the composer made his first great (though posthumous) impression on our public, at the Edinburgh Festival of 1950; and it is unquestionably his masterpiece. The problem in writing about it is to avoid making it appear more overtly programmatic than it is.

The dramatic conflict in these two large movements is inherently musical. The programme is no more specific than that of Beethoven's Fifth: indeed, it is essentially much the same—the

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triumph of a "positive" force over a negative one. (Vaughan Williams's Sixth might almost be called its exact opposite, except that here the positive elements are less distinct.) There may be some risk, also, in concentrating as closely as Dr. Simpson recommends on key sequences and relationships—very much as the early Wagner commentators used to keep our noses to the grindstone of the Leitmotive system. It is true that key relationships are vital to the structure of almost all Western music except that of the twelve-note school, and that our sense of such things has been much weakened by chromaticism and other recent trends, so that we need to be specially alert if we are to grasp the unique and novel use of key in the mature music of Nielsen. Nevertheless, all modern music modulates a good deal in the nature of things, and not every modulation need be thought of as a "search" for this key or a "loss" of that one. Such words are anthropomorphic, and if we think too exclusively along these lines we may miss the wood for the trees. What we ought not to miss, even at a first hearing, is the great breadth and originality of the Fifth Symphony's opening, the sense of limitless space; nor should it take many hearings before we perceive the unity of the entire movement, with its majestic climax at the return of the theme in triple time, followed by that strangely moving clarinet cadenza dying away in the empty air over the gradually receding beat of the side-drum. The second movement may well puzzle us longer. After the victory at which we have just assisted, it seems as though "all were to do again"; the air is still full of hostile elements—for instance, those wild clarinet screams that are so curiously prophetic of the storm in *Peter Grimes*. The musical form, with its two embedded fugues, is more complex: the end, too, is apt to take us by surprise. But familiarity will surely reveal this symphony as a peak in twentieth-century music: a Northern peak emerging slowly from the mists of our ignorance, taller, more rugged and more massive than could have seemed possible.

The Sixth Symphony can never be considered on such a level, but its strangeness and intermittent beauty will always fascinate those interested in the composer's personality. The large first movement is very fine, and here I think that Dr. Simpson has fully made his case of a "search" for the "innocent" G major of the Arcadian opening, a search which never gets nearer than the F sharp major of the central polyphonic passage (a piece of the finest part-writing, this) and the ruefully resigned A flat minor major of the ending: each physically so near, spiritually so far. There follows curious the wood-wind Humoresque which is believed to be a parody of the feeblest sort of "Twenties" music, interrupted by yawning glissando jeers from the trombone: brief and not exactly dull, but unworthy of its place. The third movement is all too accurately called "Proposta seria," since what we hear is the grave premise of something which should have been a great sustained argument but peters out sadly, with drooping figures and once more in the key of A flat. In the last movement, a set of variations, cheerfulness of a sort is regained (Nielsen oddly said, "As a whole I have tried to make the symphony as lively and gay as possible"), though not without a good deal of hectic or sardonic interruption. In the eighth variation the sense of everything turning to ashes is very strong, and it is true that the dominant impression left by the whole symphony, partly no doubt for personal reasons which must not be allowed to affect the aesthetic issue, is one of bitterness and discouragement. Yet, except in the second movement, this impression is conveyed by purely musical procedures which hold our interest even though they cannot elate and transfigure as the Fifth does. If Nielsen in a blind alley continues to speak in memorable tones, it is because his lungs are still filled with the air of the mountain tops.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

LOOK AND LISTEN

ONE of the fascinations of looking and listening regularly is to see how the B.B.C. reacts to and reflects public obsessions, those matters of urgent topical interest which may well cut across the unity which, if my analysis is right, broadcasting from its very nature seeks to impose upon us. The obsessions current in the week under review may be summed up as the Bomb, the Boat-race, the Colour bar and the Suppressed Subject.

The unity the B.B.C. imposes upon us is largely factitious; its end is political in the widest sense. Yet from time to time there does come into existence something that can be called national unity. It never endures long, and its essence is that it is spontaneous. It is called into being, it seems to me, either by the great critical moment of history or by the thoroughly unimportant. The university boat-race, I take it, is thoroughly unimportant: there is nothing at stake; no one will throw bottles at the umpire; no political capital can be made out of the result; it doesn't matter which side wins; it wouldn't matter in any real sense if it were never rowed again. Of all sporting occasions it is the most innocent. But for all that, and perhaps because of it, it is a great occasion which produces as broad a based and as spontaneous a unity as any institution can do in this country. It is an occasion the B.B.C. always rises to, and it has never done so better than this year. Watching it, one felt that it was precisely for this that television was invented; and having seen it, one knew that, silly and meretricious as a majority of TV programmes might be, one wouldn't willingly be without a set again.

Television was born for the great occasion—and for the horrid occasion. We had the horrid occasion the other evening when, almost unheralded the Television Service put on the extraxt of the film of the first hydrogen bomb explosion. As a spectacle, it was not in fact so terrifying or so impressive as the film of the explosion of the "conventional" atomic bomb at Woomera, except for one thing: the diagram translating the effects of the bomb into terms of the destruction of New York City. And there, along with the explosion of the recent hydrogen bombs, you had it: everything was brought into focus; the film was the horrifying illustration of what everyone in the week's discussion programmes had been talking about.

No doubt because of the attention the bomb was receiving in Parliament, the B.B.C. approach to the subject was circuitous and crab-wise. Professor Frisch explained the nature of the bomb in the Home Service. A question was asked in *Any Questions*, and the answers beautifully illustrated the confusion in the minds of most of us. The Midland discussion programme, *Behind the News*—particularly valuable in some ways because it has no audience, and professional politicians are barred from the team, Dr. Bronowski, Mr. Alan Bullock and Mr. Graham Hutton in this instance—discussed the responsibility of the scientists in the light of the bomb. Its shadow hung over the discussion of the recent Soviet Note in the TV *In the News*, a programme marred by the fact that Sir Robert Boothby and Mr. Michael Foot suddenly looked at each other and simultaneously went up in the air.

The significant thing is that it was the discussion programmes that had to handle the subject. What one would have liked, of course, was a programme on a much larger scale, not limited to the off-the-cuff opinion and packed away in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, but having the authority of considered opinion from many points of view. And one wanted it for one's own clarification of mind and in order to be able to judge the adequacy of the Parliamentary debate, the adequacy, in other words, of our rulers. In this instance, the B.B.C. can scarcely be blamed for failing to do what it is not permitted to do. What one did have all the time was the feeling that the pressure of the subject was so great that it could not be kept out of programmes.

The colour-bar, it is now obvious, is a social problem the discussion of which is, as it were, officially encouraged. The sense of its urgency is shown by the fact that Mr. Learie Constantine's remarkable half-hour talk *Return to Trinidad* was broadcast twice in the Light Programme. Mr. Constantine has been in England for twenty-five years; he was frank in his comments, and he leaned over backwards to be fair; he distinguished between the attitudes towards coloured men of the English at home and the English abroad; and he was open in his fears of what he might find in Trinidad. He does not strike one as a man to be put upon, and one hopes that in a year or so the B.B.C. will invite him to report upon the subject from Trinidad.

But what of the subject not sanctioned for discussion, the Suppressed Subject, homosexuality and the law relating to it? It was touched on obliquely, too obliquely, in *In the News* in the form of the question of the validity of evidence of accomplices turned informers in what was obviously the Montagu case, though it was not named. Sir Robert Boothby, supported in this instance by Mr. Foot, doggedly tried to turn the discussion to the nature of the specific case; as doggedly, Mr. McAdden and Mr. McNeil stuck to the general principle. A few weeks ago, in the televised *Any Questions*, Mr. Taylor put in a plea for the revision of the law; but the only time anything like a discussion on the subject has got on the air was in *Any Questions* some months ago. I have no doubt that if and when the ban on the subject is lifted in Broadcasting House a programme will be ready; but it will be months late. It is only in programmes like *Any Questions* that these unsanctioned subjects have any chance of reaching public discussion. This is their value. They provide a means whereby public obsessions can be ventilated. Which is one reason why, if we value freedom of expression, we shouldn't bother too much about their party orthodoxy.

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THE MOVIES

"Conflict of Wings," at the Leicester Square

"The Pearl" and "The Sea Around Us," at the Rialto

Ealing began, Group 3 continues, that celebration of Little Englishness which enchants some and discomfits others. In its early days, with Pimlico declaring itself a Republic, it was fun; then the fun went, and sentiment came in, and now it's a formula that will hold till the box-office turns. But presumably that won't be till, somewhere or other, buggies have saved the day, and the battle between the earth-closet and the new-fangled flush has been decided with honour to both sides.

In this degeneration of an attitude *Conflict of Wings* takes its place with a vamped-up tale of bird-sanctuaries versus R.A.F. target areas. There is, supposedly, in the Norfolk Broads, a haven called the Island of Children, where legend has it that the birds are the souls of children buried there by the Romans. One particular bird, a seagull, has the significant name Perdita; the heroine loves her, but is loved by an R.A.F. bloke; and in roars the R.A.F. on a trial flight and splash goes Perdita on the windscreen. Lost indeed! But the sacrifice—the billion-to-one chance against—hasn't been in vain. Our brave fliers—for we get the best of both worlds—must go elsewhere for their bombing targets and their collisions with, say, plebeian pigeons.

Of course, this account skims the sour cream, but the more one looks into *Conflict of Wings* the more unreal and superficial the whole thing becomes. Its R.A.F. may be conventionally true to type, its landscape more than agreeable, but has a less convincing village ever been put on the screen? The scriptwriter's fancies who crowd into the pub here would strike any true local inhabitant dumb with amazement: us they barely surprise, knowing them of old, and not an eyebrow will lift when they go out in their little Dunkirk boats to expose themselves in front of the targets with death swooping down. But will death claim them? Not on your life. They will survive—to ride the last tram through Streatham.

The Mexico of *The Pearl* is that Mexico which seems to go straight into sepia, with nets hung to dry, the cruel sea, the peon's unhappy lot, and here a Steinbeck tale based on legend and full of the beauty and harshness and tedium of it all. This is a very carefully made film which, if we had never seen such films before, might capture us with its simple dignity.

The Sea Around Us is a dreadfully put-together documentary, with two commentators who vie with one another as to who shall have the more awful bits, a vision of the creation of the world and a hint of its possible end (the poles will thaw and we'll all be drowned), but some of the most fascinating material about undersea life I have come across. Among the images that flash up in memory come first the enlarged diatoms, beautiful as coloured snow crystals, fifty-foot-tall forests, one fish (whose name I've forgotten) that walks and another that lures prey into the poisonous clutches of a sea hedgehog, baby turtles running down a beach for the sea edge which so few of them will reach, and dolphins at play. Even if *The Sea Around Us* were worse made than it is, it would still fascinate.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Drawings and Water Colours by Hokusai, at the Arts Council

Imagine a flower pressed between rice-paper which somehow still retains all the freshness of its original bloom: imagine a grasshopper tracing its own shadow in ink with its long, nimble, back leg: imagine a mouse so accurately and truthfully drawn as it nibbles a melon pip that you feel that when he has finished the pip he will nibble the paper he is painted on: and visualise such images arranged with a sense of placing, a sense of surrounding space that is perfect. That is one sort of Hokusai water colour—the traditional, symbolic type that de Goncourt so enthused about. Then recall the flight of a hawk: the wide curves of its circling: its sudden plummet drop through the centre of the circles it has flown: the sharp clutching of its talons. That may give some idea of the rhythm of his tavern, street-corner drawings: the swirling calligraphic draperies: the plummet sense of the weight of each pose: the sharply seized upon, pointedly drawn details. But it won't give any idea of the heart behind the drawings—the tolerance, the sense of fun, the appetite for further and further experience. A fat girl grinds grain. A beautiful one restrings her *samisen* for a new lover. A drunk dances with a fan. A man with a headache sits under a tree. A priest eats prawns. An immortal rides through the sky on a goose. Nor does it give any idea of the extraordinary skill needed to draw with a brush on rice-paper. Each gesture is irredeemable. Each movement must be complete in itself yet help to unfold the whole. The hand must be trained like a dancer: the mind remain ever original to prevent the hand becoming merely decorative. All this: inadequate homage to a great artist.

J. B.

Lennox Berkeley's Horn Trio

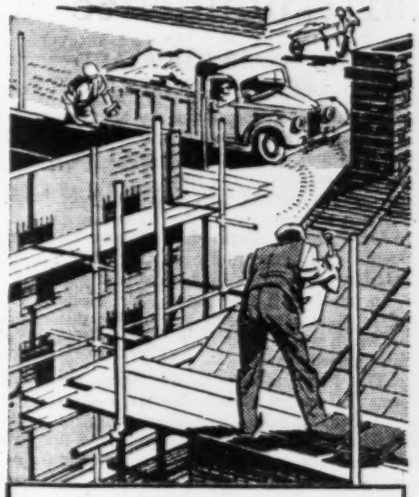
A Trio for violin, horn and piano by Lennox Berkeley was given its first performance recently at the Victoria and Albert Museum by Manoug Parikian, Dennis Brain and Colin Horsley. Such a combination is sure to provoke romantic and euphonious music, and the composer has freely indulged the lyrical strain which is now uppermost in his nature; all three movements contain ravishing sound, though the pianist has perhaps been less generously treated than his fellows. Particularly effective, in the well-designed first movement, are the violin arabesques which wreathe around the second subject and the lovely falling triplets for the horn at the end. After an elegiac Lento, the Trio ends with a theme and ten variations. The theme itself has an irresistible lazy grace, and it gives rise to memorable episodes, such as a nocturnal solo for the horn; but the effect of a finale might have been more convincingly achieved if there had been fewer slow variations and if they had been made to flow onward by means of transitions. As it is, we are left with a slight feeling of something too little muscular, something almost Narcissistic, in the continuous beauty of outline and texture. The work was exquisitely played and could become very popular.

D. S.-T.

"The Lady and the Fool," at the Sadler's Wells Theatre

There is a soothing amiability about most of John Cranko's work that puts one in a good humour with it; and this effect on the temper is I think one of the reasons for his success as a creator of light ballets. His new production for the Sadler's Wells Theatre company, produced just before their departure for South Africa, is the story of an Italian beauty who, on her way to a ball, picks up two down-and-out clowns, Moondog and Bootface. At the party she throws over her three rich cavaliers in favour of Moondog, upon which the hostess chucks her and the clowns out. In the epilogue Moondog, Bootface and the beauty wander homeless in the night-time street, and at last huddle together on the bench from which the young lady first lured the clowns. The music by Verdi, arranged by Charles Mackerras, is not entirely integrated with the scenario. There are times when it fits perfectly, at others it is weightily over-done, as though prepared for some heavy melodrama in grand opera. But there is always a romantic atmosphere, greatly enhanced by Richard Beer's exquisite street scene that opens and closes the ballet. His ballroom is not so atmospheric or alive; but Mr. Beer has a talent for design. All the originality of characterisation is given to the clowns, played by Kenneth Macmillan and Johaar Mosaval, who dance together charmingly, miserable, funny and fantastic. Only Mr. Macmillan should not smile through his moonface paint, or at most only once. The obvious fault of this ballet is its balance, for there is a boringly repetitive intrigue between the society hostess and two married men, that almost outweighs the main theme. If most of this were to be cut it would greatly add to the piquancy and vitality of this engaging but rather long little comedy.

A. F.



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Correspondence

THE ARCHBISHOP AND FRAU DOENITZ

SIR,—I thank you for calling my attention to the article on the front page of your journal headed "Charity Begins at Spandau," and I am glad to explain the real situation to you.

The relevant part of your article may be briefly summarised as follows:—

1. Mr. Fishman alleges that pressure by friends of Doenitz and others had been exerted in London and Washington in order to obtain an early release.

2. In proof of this allegation, Mr. Fishman has placed in your hands some remarkable documents, one of which was a letter from "a high dignitary of the Established Church."

3. This letter, taken with the others, completely confirms the charges brought by Mr. Fishman.

You tell me that the "high dignitary of the Established Church" referred to is myself, and the plain meaning in your article is that in your judgment my letter, of which you appear to have a copy, was written in connection with some effort to secure the release of Doenitz and others from Spandau.

Now might I state the real facts? On October 24, 1951, I received from Frau Doenitz a letter describing the conditions in Spandau Prison. After an introductory paragraph the letter went on:

> I do not appeal for any alteration in the sentence passed on my husband, despite the Control Council's recommendation at the time for certain leniency to be shown.

The rest of the letter dealt entirely with the conditions in Spandau Prison to which the prisoners were subjected, and of which Frau Doenitz wished to complain. I made certain inquiries, and I received what I regarded as reliable evidence that the conditions at Spandau were below normal prison standards, and that the interpretation of the regulations inevitably depended upon the respective Governors of the Controlling Powers which controlled the prison for a month at a time.

On December 13, 1951, I replied to Frau Doenitz's letter. If you will read my letter again carefully, you will see that it makes no reference whatsoever at any point to the release of these war prisoners, or indeed to anything at all except the conditions in the prison.

I think even a cursory reading of my letter would have convinced you of the truth of the statement which I have just made. I think I may justly complain that in your article you took a sentence out of the letter and gave it a significance which quite obviously it did not bear in the letter. You used the sentence as evidence of intrigues to secure the release of Doenitz and others. In fact the whole letter was about the conditions within the prison. It was perfectly clear that when I said Doenitz was the victim of the present unfortunate political situation it referred simply to the fact that the control of this prison was shared by several Powers, whose application of the conditions varied one from another; and my letter ended by saying that I had every sympathy with Frau Doenitz in *the matter*, which is to say the matter under discussion, which matter was solely that of the prison conditions. You did not even quote the whole of my last sentence, which was:

> I have every sympathy with you in the matter but I can do little more than bring it to the attention of our own authorities.

That conclusion once more should have made it obvious to any reader that it was the condition of the prison that I was willing to bring to the attention of our own authorities, and that alone.

I have no doubt that when you re-read my letter in view of what I have said you will see that you have entirely misrepresented the situation, and in particular that by quoting only part of my last sentence you perverted it from its real meaning. In fact, I have never known of, still less taken part in, any move to secure the earlier release of these prisoners.

Lambeth Palace. GEOFFREY CANTUAR

[Reference is made to this letter on page 454.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

COLONIAL SERVICE

SIR,—I read with great interest the remarks of Mr. Kingsley Martin, on his return from his visit to Africa, about the future of the Colonial Service, as I did the two articles in *The Times* on the Commonwealth Civil Service last autumn. Neither has met with the response they deserved. The future of the Empire is the concern of every British subject. Businessmen wish to invest capital and sell their goods, statesmen and economists wish to create alliances, and soldiers think in terms of mutual defence and Empire bases. Most of us believe that the British Constitution, culture and way of life is worth spreading. The trade unionist should be extremely interested. For much of what he eats and wears comes from the Empire, and much of what he produces is sold there. Last year the Nigerian Minister of Commerce and Industries made it quite clear to the textile trade that when British goods were of a comparable price with those of foreign countries we should have preference. Otherwise Colonial people were not prepared to suffer higher prices just to keep the British worker in a luxurious Welfare State.

British Colonial subjects should be interested in the development and future of their countries; and the cost involved (including defence). Have Nigerians, for example, thought of their revenue, and the cost of building and maintaining a fleet, maintaining the army, or of engaging administrators, doctors, vets and engineers, at world prices rather than those envisaged in using the Commonwealth Civil Service proposed in *The Times*? Have they thought of the secure conditions (depending on a trained, uncorrupt Civil Service) which are necessary to attract large foreign investments? Have they thought of the disastrous effect on commercial confidence of the cocoa frauds in Nigeria, the bribery scandal in the Gold Coast, the upheaval in British Guiana and so on?

The specialists—doctors, engineers, veterinary surgeons, agriculturalists and the like—need little protection, as they can find employment anywhere in the world. But they do need peaceful conditions for their work. These conditions are the work of the Administrative Civil Servant, who is, for some unexplained reason, not thought of as a specialist. After years of being father confessor to the uneducated masses, enforcing justice, fighting corruption, coordinating the enthusiasms of the technical experts in accordance with the revenue available, I would have thought he merited the title of specialist; in fact, so specialised is he that he is equipped for no other employment except in under-developed territories.

I talked to many people in both the Colonial Service and the Commercial, and formed the impression that the Colonial Service, suspected by Nationalists, and offering little security to its officers, will soon be a thing of the past.

The officer daily hears himself abused for following the dictates of his conscience; he sees the Legislative Assemblies voting him a salary and conditions of service which do not compare favourably with those offered to his contemporaries by the Commercial Houses. He does not really believe in the promises for his future so glibly offered by the Nationalists, nor, after the Indian example, does he believe his pension secure. Finally, he sees many young men, who, in his time, would have joined the Colonial Service, joining the Commercial Houses which offer adequate conditions, pay, and pensions.

Paternalism, so necessary in the early days of colonisation, has given place to Partnership. This, of course, varies from Colony to Colony according to the progress made by the people themselves. This progress is, I believe, proof of the sincerity of our Colonial Policy. Now a number of countries are qualifying to apply for membership of the world's most select club—the Commonwealth. Some Nationalists talk as if, by joining, they will be conferring a favour on the Commonwealth. I would suggest that it is the other way round, for the material advantages alone, in this insecure world. Unless they change their attitude they may well be "blackballed" by other Dominions.

The Commonwealth Club will need servants, but the Colonial Service, as now constituted, has served its turn. *The Times* plan seems to be the answer. But I think that the Central Office should be run by Field Officers rather than the present system of different recruiting for the Colonial Office and Service.

COLONIAL OFFICIAL

HIDDEN CENSORSHIP

SIR,—I should be very sorry to cast any unwarranted slur on the Public Library Service, for which in general I have the greatest respect. I was under the impression that, in inquiring from the staff of my library, I was attempting to verify the facts of the case. I saw the librarian concerned consult a notice pinned up over the desk and find the name of this book, together with one other title, on it, both of which I understood were not to be available. In reply to my query, I heard the explanation I have given. However, if the Chairman of the Libraries Committee tells me that I must disbelieve the evidence of my own senses, I have no means of proving him wrong.

As far as I am aware, no one has suggested that the purchase of books is made by the Committee "as such."

I am interested to learn that there are now three copies in circulation, particularly as I have before me the postcard which was sent to me after I had put in a card for this book and which first caused me to make the above inquiry. The postcard is headed with the name of Borough and branch and then reads:

> Author HAYES
> Title *In Love*
>
> I write to inform you that the above book which you reserved is not represented in our fiction stock, and I am therefore unable to supply a copy.
>
> *Borough Librarian.*

Hampstead. MARY WEDD

SIR,—Your recent correspondence raises an issue of some importance which I should like to specify, although I am not sure of the answer:

To what extent should a Public Library (i.e., one using ratepayers' money) fulfil or reject requests from what may be but a minority of users? Bearing in mind that the request may be worthily made yet the books asked for may be objected to by other members on grounds which are hard to attack logically.

For instance, I have tried to reserve the following books at the St. Marylebone Central Library:

Calder Willingham's *End as a Man.*
Rodney Garland's *The Heart in Exile.*
C. H. Rolph's *Women of the Streets.*

About each of these I have been advised: "Not to be added to stock by decision of the Libraries Committee."

What is the basis of these decisions? We cannot find out—the hidden censorship is at work. Am I entitled, as a user of the library to expect such books to be obtained, if not through purchase, by loan? Or must the impecunious user of the public library be put at a disadvantage compared with the richer purchaser or a private library? It would seem that our servants are now our masters.

43 Norton Road, Wembley. L. SNOW

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—giving thanks that some portion of God's Word is now available in over a thousand tongues (and the complete Bible in two hundred).
—seeking a deeper knowledge of the Scriptures yourself as part of a movement to quicken the life of the Church.
—making a thank-offering which will help the Society to go forward better equipped into the tremendous decades which lie ahead.

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From the Bishop of London:
Without the help of the Bible Society our work in the mission field would have been crippled. For this reason alone the Society deserves more thanks than we can ever give.

From Ebenezer Cunningham, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge and Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales:
The success of the missionary work of the Christian Churches depends largely on the Bible being available in every tongue. For a hundred and fifty years the Bible Society has worked for this; may its further efforts be crowned with success.

From the Rev. Dr. Donald O. Soper, M.A., President of the Methodist Conference:
It is of course impossible to exaggerate the importance of the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society. We as Methodists would join with every other Christian denomination and communion in thanking God for those who were led to form it, and those who during the one hundred and fifty years since its foundation have so faithfully served its high purpose.

From the Rev. H. Bonser, President of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland:
Baptists have always demanded an unfettered Bible and we are grateful to the British and Foreign Bible Society for making its revelation available to the poor of so many lands since 1804. May the celebration of the Society's Third Jubilee lead many to study and obey the Royal Law!

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APRIL

FOUNDLINGS

This is a month during which many households will make well-intentioned but almost always unsuccessful attempts to bring up some young wild creature which has been mislaid by its parents. The half-fledged blackbird, the baby rabbit, the young starling which comes suddenly down the chimney like Father Christmas—they throw themselves on our mercy and we take them on the strength. They seldom survive long; the caresses of our children, an empirical diet, sometimes (alas) the cat, combine to shorten their lives; they have hardly been, after much controversy, christened when there has to be a funeral behind the tool-shed. They have, while they are with us, the rather touching charm conferred by helplessness. They arouse in us—though not in the cat, who takes an entirely different view of their inability to look after themselves—the protective instinct. Their parents spoil our fruit, eat our vegetables and block our gutters with their untidy nests, and these uninvited guests will do the same if they survive our hospitality; we cannot hope for the handsome dividend which Androcles's lion declared.

We do, nevertheless, what we have done in other Springs. We bring out the bread-crumbs or the lettuce, we charge the fountain-pen filler with milk, we shut the cat in the boot-hole. And, very occasionally, we save a life.

The protective instinct is strong in all who have young people in their charge. To safeguard the future is a pressing need, most easily satisfied by using the wise and friendly services of the

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"ANTI-AMERICANISM"

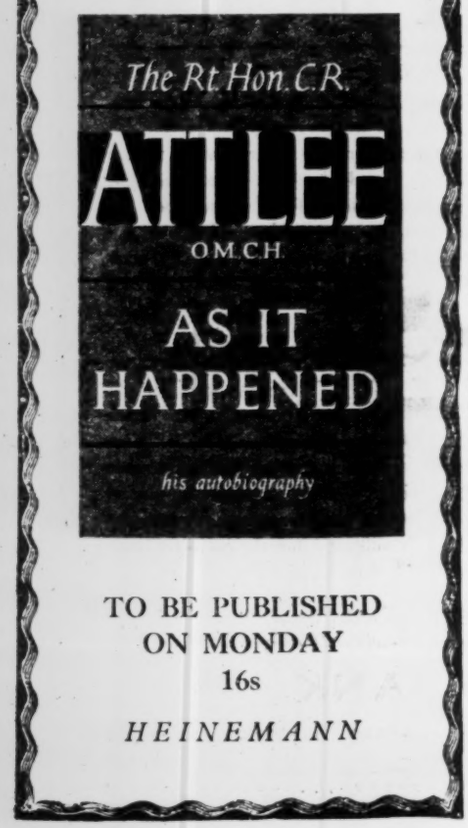
SIR,—I think that you did your readers a service in printing a few weeks ago an article by an American liberal, complaining about THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. It showed how nearly unbridgeable is the gap between American public opinion and British. Our political spectrum, always to the Right of yours, has moved so much farther Right in the past few years that the very words Right and Left, as applied by each country to the other, have no more meaning. The most Leftish members of our Democratic party are well to the Right of the most Rightish members of the Labour party.

Only an insignificant handful of liberals, for example, oppose German rearmament. An even smaller handful believes that we should recognise Mao, or allow the people of Indo-China to choose their own Government (which would almost certainly be a Communist or a strongly pro-Communist Government). The *New Republic*, which represents in many ways the thinking of the more liberal wing of the Democratic Party, said in a recent article that the only hope for Italy lay in the possibility that Premier Scelba would use force to wipe out the Communist party and establish a "democratic dictatorship." (I have not been able to find out what it means by the phrase.)

In the field of civil liberties the discrepancy is as great. I find some ironical amusement in the fact that the libertarian views that six years ago made me a strong supporter of the Republican Party, which then professed to believe in them, would now get me called a Communist or a Communist dupe in most liberal circles in this country. The average, Americans for Democratic Action, Stevenson-supporting, *New Republic*-reading "liberals" have always supported the loyalty program, in theory and practice. They defend whole-heartedly the right of the Government to fire, and publicly disgrace, men and women who have committed no illegal acts, but who are members of the Communist Party, or of any one of a number of so-called "front" organisations.

I had some correspondence not long ago with Michael Straight, Editor of the *New Republic*, that showed me how out of style have become the libertarian principles of our Constitution. In writing about the Harry Dexter White case, the *New Republic* declared flatly that White, Silverman and others were spies. I protested that they had not been convicted of being spies, and that, in fact, the Grand Jury that reviewed the evidence against them concluded that there was not even grounds for indictment. Mr. Straight replied that the Grand Jury had not indicted because all its evidence had been got from wire-tapping (which was not the case). He reaffirmed his position, saying that since Elizabeth Bentley had called these people spies, and since she was a creditable witness, we must consider that they were spies. I protested again that we ought not to call people guilty of crime, serious crime, unless we could prove them guilty in open court. He stuck to his guns, and there the matter rests. Yet Mr. Straight is one of the outstanding "liberals" in America today. Only two or three magazines could be said to be Left of the *New Republic*, which he edits.

New York. ANOTHER LIBERAL



MR. ATTLEE AND MR. BEVIN

SIR,—I have just seen your issue of March 27 in which you publish allegations about a "conspiracy" in 1947 to replace Mr. Attlee by Mr. Bevin as Prime Minister. You attribute to me the role of "seeking support in the party for this view." Presumably the ground for this unfounded charge is that I was at the time Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Herbert Morrison, whom you also seek to implicate in your allegations.

My own alleged role in this conspiracy is the only part of your story that I can personally check. I can state categorically that I made no approach to members of the party on Mr. Morrison's behalf or anyone else's. I think it is therefore fair to deduce that the rest of your story is unreliable. Certainly Mr. Morrison never indicated to me by even the slightest hint that he was party to any such "conspiracy." I am quite certain that he was not.

House of Commons. P. C. GORDON WALKER

YUGOSLAV CHILDREN

SIR,—100,000 orphans and a country hemmed in by close frontiers; a shortage of foreign currency and a history of internal war with much destruction. This is Yugoslavia today.

What can the ordinary housewife do to help?

The way is opening up. After months of correspondence and a visit to Belgrade, we have arranged for a party of 25 boys and girls between the ages of 8 and 13 to spend three months as guests in British families. The children will be chosen from each of the six States, comprising the Republic of Yugoslavia, and will be selected because of their need and on the strength of their case histories. Free hospitality has been found for this first party by our local committee in Enfield, Middlesex, and the arrival date has been fixed for June 15.

Owing to the shortage of foreign currency, the organisation in Yugoslavia sponsoring the visit can only bring the children to the Austrian border. International Help for Children will provide return tickets to London from this point. The journey is being planned with great care for the children's welfare and a warm welcome awaits them on arrival. We feel that there are many people who would wish to associate themselves with this venture, and who will hope that from these small beginnings, the ordinary peoples of our two countries will come to know something of each other's difficulties, by way of the friendship of their children.

Contributions towards the cost of the fares will be gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer, International Help for Children, 43 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1.

MARGARET M. MCEWEN
JOHN BARCLAY
Joint Secretaries

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

SIR,—It is universally accepted that prevention is better than cure. None of us want further hydrogen bomb explosions and I wonder if we are doing sufficient to prevent their taking place.

Supposing a number of determined people hired a boat and went out into the area in which the next explosion is planned, by what right would they be diverted from using the open sea? Surely to arrest them would be piracy and to carry on with the hydrogen bomb explosion would be murder. Has this point been properly investigated and are not some of us willing to take the risk?

287 Beverley Road, ALEC HORSLEY
Hull, East Yorks.

HENRY MOORE

SIR,—I would like to confirm that the appraisement of Graham Sutherland referred to in my letter was indeed from the pen of Mr. Heron and that therefore when I praised the NEW STATESMAN'S art criticism I was unconsciously paying tribute to his own critical gifts. In making these amends I can only plead that in the intervening nine months since his notice appeared my memory had carved a sort of Janus figure to represent NEW STATESMAN Art Critic.

Furthermore, it does not seem to me Mr. Heron is talking nonsense when he says: "Henry Moore is the Picasso of modern sculpture," but, I submit, what can be done in two dimensions cannot be done in three. Picasso denies that he is an "abstract" artist, saying "one always starts with something." Both Moore and Picasso start more often than not with the contours of the human figure as the "something," outline a suggestion or hint of a suggestion and then proceed to cancel that suggestion. In three dimensions the result is to my thinking more often than not a daylight nightmare. I submit that the only time Henry Moore has managed to ride both horses and produce a piece of sculpture completely satisfying on the absolute formal-æsthetic level is in his Madonna and Child in St. Matthew's Church at Northampton.

Henry Moore's admirers are apt to declare that his exhibits have evoked a unique excited interest among other contemporary sculptors the world over. About half-way between Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon just off the main road is to be found the famous Rollright circle of prehistoric and quaintly weather-beaten stones. If some enterprising art dealer would uproot these in the dead of night and smuggle them into his own gallery I am sure the effect on contemporary sculptors would likewise be stimulating in the extreme. Nature's skill in the handling of raw materials outshines even that of Henry Moore.

In conclusion, as there happens to be on at the moment an exhibition of the works of the great master in question, I would suggest that art critics fall into two kinds: those who when you say "Nicholson" think you must be talking about Benedict and those who know you mean Sir William.

GEORGE RICHARDS

HILAIRE BELLOC

SIR,—The literary executors of the late Hilaire Belloc have entrusted to me the task of writing his biography. I shall accordingly be grateful for any letters which his friends and acquaintances may be kind enough to let me see, whether for possible publication or for information.

All correspondence will be promptly returned and acknowledgement will, of course, be made of such material as it may seem desirable, with the sender's permission, to use.

Letters should be addressed to me at the publishers, Hollis & Carter, Ltd., 25, Ashley Place, London, S.W.1. ROBERT SPEAIGHT

T. H. HUXLEY

SIR,—I am making a fresh study of the life of T. H. Huxley, especially in connection with his educational work. Any information about relevant unpublished letters or other documents would be most gratefully received.

14 The Avenue, CYRIL BIBBY
Chipping Barnet, Herts.

Books in General

IT is not only book collectors, book dealers and librarians who need to distinguish between the editions of *Ulysses*. Hence bibliographies of Joyce mean more to the common reader than bibliographies do in general. A new one, by John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon,* is interesting in other ways. It tells an astonishing and shocking story of the waste of a writer's energies in unrelenting and resourceful struggles with pirate-publishers, incendiary-printers, censors and unscrupulous collectors; in listing and describing manuscripts, it throws light on Joyce's methods of composition; and by listing (in some cases, for the first time) Joyce's contributions to periodicals, it is a guide to further reading.

Not that a guide was needed, of course; and no one but the confirmed Joycean will want to rush away to consult the interview with a French racing-motorist that Joyce, it appears, contributed to the *Irish Times* in 1903. For that matter, one pales to find that there are so many manuscripts available on which research students may cut their teeth. It is not that such researches will be fruitless; quite the contrary. It seems as if the wheels of scholarly industry can turn for ever on the fuel that Joyce supplies. That racing-motorist is sure to turn up somewhere in *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake*.

Nor can we dismiss this with a contemptuous "What of it?" and a sneer at source-hunters. Joyce is quite a special case. One objects to source-hunting by saying that it is not the raw source that matters but what is made of it; that literature consists not in the heterogeneous material with which it works, but in the order imposed on that by the writer. To this the source-hunter replies with the not really conclusive argument, "How do you know what is made of the material until you see that in its raw state?" But in the case of Joyce, the source-hunter need not fall back so far. For there is fairly general discomfort, even among Joyce's admirers, about the order that Joyce imposed on, for instance, *Ulysses*.

We all know (thanks to Stuart Gilbert) how the order was imposed, how elaborately and intimately the Homeric and other parallels were woven into the narrative of Bloom's day in Dublin. Yet how far is it a weaving, how far an imposition? Is the Homeric parallel, when all is said and done, *in* the story at all?

> "—He's a cultured allaround man, Bloom is," he said seriously. He's not one of your common or garden . . . you know. . . . There's a touch of the artist about old Bloom."

"Lenehan's tribute," says Mr. Hugh Kenner, "isn't at all ironical"; but what he means is that Joyce didn't mean it to be. Joyce, as we see if we trace the Homeric parallel, and as we know from Joyce himself, meant us to admire Bloom for coming as near as twentieth-century Dublin allows to the pattern of the Odyssean hero. But the fact is, surely, that Lenehan's tribute *is* ironical, as everything is and must be in *Ulysses*. For as Philip Toynbee remarked, this is a novel without a style. In the *Portrait of the Artist* Joyce had a style, in the sense of a tone of voice distinctively his. This style is ninetyish and limited; it does not ring true to us, and apparently, after the book was written, it did not ring true to Joyce himself, for he began *Ulysses* by guying it, parodying himself-as-Dedalus deliberately, where before he had done so without meaning to. Now Joyce instead has many styles, none of which is distinctively "his." It is a parody-party where the styles strike off one another in ironies. *Ulysses* seems to be built on the principle that every voice to be heard in the novel, including those that purport to be the author's own, shall be deliberately off-key, not to be trusted; but to convey his respect for Bloom, Joyce has from time to time to move one of these voices into the right key, or rather he has to make us pitch it there, to trust it for the moment implicitly. To get across what he feels about Bloom, Joyce has to switch the irony off or make us do it for him. Is it possible, *as we read*, to trace the parallel so faithfully that we know when to switch off in this way? Surely, as we read, we get so used to the ironical tone of the parodist, that we never realise until too late that we ought to have switched off and taken something seriously. It is *arrière-pensée* at best. The gravity intended by Joyce to attend Lenehan's judgment has to be supplied by us from elsewhere, read into the passage; it isn't there to be read out of it. The *Ulysses* that we can discuss is the *Ulysses* that we hold in the mind after each reading, when the book's elaborately consistent structure is easily grasped. It is only in the reading that the structure isn't easy to grasp at all, in fact is just not there; and after all it is on the experience of the reading that the book stands to be judged.

In fact, of course, the element of parody goes even deeper than this. It isn't just that the voice of the narrator at one point is a parody of his voice somewhere else; or that the voice of one character parodies the voice of another. The second half of a sentence can parody the first half, the start of the sentence being, for instance, elaborately Latinate and scholastic, while the tail of it is lumpishly Anglo-Saxon. *Finnegans Wake* only carries this one stage further, until even the word is exploded and forced apart from inside, so that the ironies and parodies are built up inside each word. Where the irony is so pervasive, it is folly to think for instance that Simon Dedalus is a decent fellow after all because in the graveyard he thinks mournfully of his dead wife. What indication is given, what indication *can* be given, that at this point we are to switch the irony off and take it straight, to give Simon the benefit of the doubt? There is no reason to think this "sincere"; on the contrary, given the ironic climate of the whole thing, there is every reason to think it a piece of lachrymose self-indulgence. Not that that is to be condemned, necessarily.

If, as seems indubitable, Joyce intended something else with Lenehan's tribute to Bloom, he failed in his intention. The artistic order is clamped down on the material and can always come unstuck from it; always does, in fact, when the book is read. This need not mean that the novel is a botch. Unequal and often tedious, it is a masterpiece, the culminating masterpiece of naturalism. Joyce said, of *Dubliners*, "I have written it for the most part in a style of scrupulous mean-ness." Just so. To the naturalistic writer, a style is only a nuisance; the slightest trace of distinction and elegance in style is a flaw in the mirror, distracting the reader for an instant from what is being presented to the mind that presents, and that, in presenting, colours, arranges, selects—does all the things that it is the aim of naturalism to make the reader forget about. Tolstoy can be detected, in *War and Peace*, making his sentences deliberately inelegant, just so as to make the reader forget that there is an omniscient author who is telling the story and hence, presumably, tampering with it. In the end it won't do even to use formally correct syntax, even to choose the appropriate word. The writing, if it is to preserve the naturalistic illusion by which the story tells itself, must ultimately be not only inelegant but positively incompetent, incorrect. This is another way of seeing the logic of the development through *Ulysses* to *Finnegans Wake*.

When the naturalistic method is pursued so consistently as this, nothing is ever wasted; quite literally everything, every item of experience, is grist to the writer's mill. And therefore nothing that ever happened to Joyce is irrelevant to understanding his books. It is impossible to be pedantic about Joyce; that is why he is such a godsend to literary scholarship. For when Joyce went to such self-defeating lengths in trying to exclude himself and let his material speak for itself, he wasn't just pushing a literary method to its logical and lunatic extreme. He was impelled, I think, by an affection for his material so intense that he could not bear to be thought of as tampering with it. His respect for Bloom may not be conveyed, but his affection for him is. So is his affection for Bloom's milieu, for the sheer facts, the day-to-day trivialities of commonplace life in Edwardian Dublin (of which, in terms of social habit and tone, so surprisingly much survives to the Dublin of De Valera). Hence whatever Joyce intended in *Ulysses*, and despite the failure, as I see it, of the mythical form ("mythical" in two ways), the book exists as a comedy, and not a satirical comedy but a sunny one, endlessly indulgent without being sentimental. It is quite indiscriminate, of course, as affectionate towards Mulligan and both the Dedaluses as towards Bloom; but then the form permits that, in fact it permits nothing else. The Homeric parallel doesn't: but then that isn't the form, not the form that emerges in reading, which is the only one that matters.

In the world of *Ulysses*, facts that appear trivial are made important simply by being remembered with affection. It seems thoroughly appropriate that the one indispensable source-book should be Thom's Directory of Dublin, and that the study of Joyce in general should turn out to be a painstaking accumulation of apparently numberless hard facts. Directory, catalogue, concordance, index and bibliography—these are the appropriate offerings to the memory of the man who vindicated naturalism even as he destroyed it.

DONALD DAVIE

* *A Bibliography of James Joyce, 1882-1941*. By J. J. SLOCUM and H. CAHOON. *Hart-Davis*. 42*s*.

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IN THIS TIME

If the myth's outworn, the legend broken,
Useless even within the child's story
Since he sees well they now bring lights no longer
Into our eyes: and if our past retreats
And blows away like dust along the desert,
Not leading to our moment now at all,
Settling us in this place and saying "Here
In you I shall continue"—then what kind
Of lives have we? Can we make myths revive
By breathing on them? Is there any taper
That will return the glitter to our eyes?

We have retreated inwards to our minds
Too much, have made rooms there with all doors closed,
All windows shuttered. There we sit and mope
The myth away, set by the lovely legends;
Hardly we hear the children shout outside.
We only know a way to love ourselves,
Have lost the power that made us lose ourselves.
O let the wind outside blow in again
And the dust come and all the children's voices.
Let anything that is not us return.
Myths are the memories we have rejected
And legends need the freedom of our minds.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

ON FALLING OUT OF LOVE

Reason has no time to grieve.
Angels are packing up to leave.
Witches desert their Sabbath moons
For docile Sunday afternoons.

Fires of gold Walpurgis nights
Have sunk to thin suburban lights.
Voice that was scarlet symphony
Drops to a cool major key.

Hair that stabbed the veins of men
Flowed in remarkable music then.
Fingers back to hand are gone,
That once were a white star or swan.

Moments thought permanent in amber
Gone, with Christ-kindness of December.
Gone too the ambivalent worm
Whose acid teeth kept hatred warm.

The geometrical velvet park
Is safe for walking after dark.
We have left the haunted wood
Where the gibbet trees dropped blood.

ISOBEL CUMMING

A CASE OF BOWDLERISATION

The Answers of Ernst von Salomon. *Putnam.* 35*s.* Trans. CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON.

When Ernst von Salomon's *Fragebogen* scored its popular success in the Federal Republic, we had our first clear indication that educated Germans were recovering from defeat and from their consequent conversion to democracy. In the Third Reich, von Salomon had achieved the unique and enviable distinction of combining literary eminence with passive opposition to the regime. Murderer of Rathenau and author of the best fictional and historical works on the *Freikorps* and the *Black Reichswehr*, he was honoured after 1933 as a forerunner of National Socialism and, along with Ernst Junger and Grimm, was accorded a place in the Nazi Academy of Arts. When war came he hoped, as a good Prussian, for a German victory, refused to listen to the B.B.C. and disapproved of the attempt on Hitler's life, because the conspirators thereby had violated the soldier's oath of loyalty. As a good Prussian, he also condemned the lawlessness of June 30, 1934, and the anti-semitic pogroms, regarding Hitler's totalitarianism as a corruption of Prussianism and as the final *reductio ad absurdum* of the "liberal-democratic fallacy." In his eyes, Western democracy and Communism are both monstrous creatures of the Revolt of the Masses, and he dreams of a Prussian "third force," the rule of law imposed on the herd by men of quality and breeding. With this *Weltanschauung*—the quintessence of traditional Prussian nationalism—von Salomon was able to get the best of both worlds. He refused to join the Party and was in turn refused a commission in the *Wehrmacht*. This enabled him to spend the war very comfortably writing film scripts with his wife, whose Jewish parentage he successfully concealed until, a few weeks after the collapse, they were both arrested and thrown into an American concentration camp.

Like Arthur Koestler, von Salomon is a writer who creates by devouring himself. Whatever he writes is autobiographical, but autobiography endowed with cosmic significance. As young men both were intellectuals fascinated by the life of action and caught up in that life for a brief moment of hectic activity. Since then each has mordantly analysed that unforgettable and unforgivable experience. The talent to which they owe their phenomenal success is their ability to universalise the disgust and disillusionment of a European intelligentsia which sees every ideal corrupted in action.

After his release von Salomon decided to explode the idea of war guilt, and the medium he chose for this act of national self-exculpation was to take the 131 questions of the standard *Fragebogen* or American questionnaire and give the kind of answers to them which he would have liked to give when he was interrogated but was cautious enough to suppress. Autobiography would be fictionalised and generalised into a *plaidoyer* for every educated German who had remained inactive during the Third Reich. The result was a 700-page *mélange* of cynicism and sentimentality, of racy narrative and pseudo-philosophy, culminating in a detailed and scarifying description of his treatment by the Americans, designed to suggest that Dachau and Buchenwald could have been no worse. Would this repudiation of war guilt appal the post-war German reader, or would it bring him a sense of national and individual release? The answer was given in the bookshops. Since its publication, a quarter of a million Germans in the Federal Republic have bought *Fragebogen*.

It is obviously of first-rate importance that British and American readers should be given the opportunity of studying this curious document. I was therefore delighted when *The Answers of Ernst von Salomon* came into my hands. But, after reading a hundred pages, I became uneasily aware that something was wrong. Either my memory of the German original had failed me, or this translation had been emasculated beyond recognition. I have spent many hours comparing, page by page, about one-third of the English version with the German original. The result of this wearisome procedure is to leave no shadow of doubt in my mind. The German text has been shortened in a way that softens the odious impression of the original. Moreover, no indication whatsoever appears to be given that this bowdlerisation has occurred.

How this treatment can mislead even a well-informed reader can be seen from the admirably written Introduction contributed by Mr. Goronwy Rees. "For a person of von Salomon's past and beliefs," he writes, "to dissociate himself, as he does in this book, from all responsibility for the triumph and the crimes of National Socialism is a piece of effrontery which only so brilliant a writer could have attempted with success." No one could make this charge who had read the original. *Fragebogen* contains a long and revealing section, in which the author discusses with one of the other accomplices in Rathenau's murder the significance of their crime. Roughly one-third of this section has been excised in the English version, sometimes by the omission of five or six lines and sometimes by cuts of two or three pages.

In the German, for instance, there is an important passage which argues that the murder was actually a success because it put a stop to the policy of "Fulfilment," and another in which the

moral wickedness of what von Salomon now recognises as a common murder is carefully distinguished from the political consequences that flowed from it. All this is omitted in the English version. Moreover, a few pages earlier, when von Salomon is describing the effect on the court of a letter from Rathenau's mother, the English version, not content with excision, actually improves the original by inserting the sentence: "This humane and noble letter from Rathenau's mother was our crowning shame." There is no sign of this highly moral sentiment in my German text!

Equally important distortions occur in the last section, on the American concentration camp. Their effect is best seen by printing a page of the original, in translation, with what is omitted from the English version in italics.

However, it was not the Commandant who now appeared around the corner of the barracks with the Polish Sergeant [*Wislowski*], but a Second Lieutenant (*Jameson, the "Thread" Lieutenant. Wislowski started on the right, where the women stood, and began to count. In doing so he tapped each woman with his pencil on the breast. He did not tap the men on the breast. The "Thread" Lieutenant stood bored in the middle of the line and watched for the end of the count. Jameson*) a tall, thin, dark man, very young and handsome and not particularly feared, though he had, of course, a bee in his bonnet . . . We had gradually learnt that the much-vaunted individualism of the Americans boiled down to the fact that almost every one of them had some sort of bee in his bonnet; nor did they keep it there, but preferred to let it buzz about unchecked. American officers gave free rein to their individualism by immediately cancelling all orders issued by their predecessors and then introducing a whole set of new and contradictory ones. One would insist that the American Flag be raised and lowered morning and evening with a maximum amount of military flimflam; it was compulsory for all internees, who found themselves out of doors when this performance took place, to assume a rigid posture and to remove their headdress—the punishment for fai'ing to do so consisted of standing still all through the scorching day beneath the flagpole. The result of this was that no sooner did the bugler raise his instrument to his lips than all the internees made a dash for the barracks. (*Another suddenly had the idea of having a second wire stretched inside the barbed wire, four metres away from it, a single strand whose nature was to some extent symbolic, since no one was allowed to cross it. Since many found this wire convenient for hanging their washing on, this officer from time to time would pace up and down the wire and, when some of the washing was blown by the wind into the forbidden zone, he would order its owner to fetch it. A lovely joke, since the sentries on the towers immediately shot, and, since many of the old gentlemen were not agile enough, they were left lying there with more or less serious wounds. Some of the shots went by mistake into the barracks and it was not much of a joke to live by the wire.*)

I have selected this passage, as an example—and by no means the worst—of how the German text has been "improved," in this English version. First, the names of the American interrogators are omitted, thus reducing the sense of actuality. Then, Sergeant Wislowski's attitude to the women is excised; and, lastly, of the two illustrations which von Salomon gives of American "individualism", only the first, harmless one is included.

It may be suggested that, in submitting *The Answers* to this kind of textual criticism, I am making a mountain out of a molehill and that, since the book was too long for the English and American reader, something had to go. Maybe, but there were long passages—the sentimental affair in the South of France, for instance—which could have been excised without emasculating the central argument. What disturbs me is that, without any warning to the reader by the publishers, ruthless cuts have been made in the two key passages of the book, which deal with German war guilt and subsequent German anti-Americanism. As a result, an important document, which brilliantly expresses the revival of German nationalism in its most dangerous form, has been bowdlerised beyond recognition.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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THE LITERARY TRAVELLER

Temples of the Sun and Moon. By MICHAEL SWAN. *Cape.* 21*s.*

Michael Swan went to Mexico to write a travel book. This he has done most agreeably. He has not attempted to make an heroic epic by exaggerating mild danger and discomfort, nor yet debunked danger and discomfort with the adolescent pride we remember in the young Peter Fleming. He is too sensible to fall into either extreme. Thus it is not surprising to learn that the only time an excursion promised to be perilous he turned back, but later succeeded in reaching its intended destination in safety, by aeroplane.

The journey of *Temples of the Sun and Moon* is confined to southern Mexico. The author landed at Vera Cruz and turned south-east through the territory of the Olmecs, whose gigantic sculptured stone heads, chubby yet sinister, are among the earliest and strangest monuments in Mexico. From there he went southward across the narrow isthmus to Tehuantepec, a town he declares to be a matriarchy where fine, handsome women lord it over a race of meek and meagre men, then swung north-west through the lands of Zapotecs, Mixtecs and Aztecs, following the Pan-American Highway to the lovely cities of Oaxaca and Puebla and so on to Mexico City.

He had intended continuing northward and taking ship to southern California, but a meeting with an American woman happily made him change his plans. She told him that the beauty spots of the north-west were over-run by her fellow-countrymen, and furthermore that writing about them was "the oldest of old hats." "'But southern California,' I said, 'there's hardly a thing been written about that.' 'And very properly,' she replied, 'it's just miles of the most boring desert I've ever seen and a few flea-bitten little towns without a thing of interest in them.'" If Mr. Swan at this point appears to have been both naive and ill-informed, he was admirably ready to take good advice. In a very short time he had decided to return to the south and was flying over jungle towards the land of the Mayas. So he saw Yucatan, a name which beyond all others calls up visions of rich, fantastic ruins bleaching in the jungle depths, and ended his travels in British Honduras where he found our Empire hardly more alive and very much less inspiring than that of the Mayas.

Mr. Swan's eloquent descriptive passages succeed in bringing out the two great contrasts, one due to nature, the other to man, which must always excite visitors to Mexico. The first is between the austere olive and brown landscapes of the highland plateau, and, often only a few hours' drive below, the tropical slopes with their big-leaved, glossy vegetation, extravagant flowers, and butterflies far larger than the hummingbirds. The second contrast is provided by the pre-Columban temples and pyramids and the late baroque Spanish churches, similar in the encrusted intricacy of their carved surfaces, but otherwise as alien to one another as the handiwork of conquerors and conquered can ever have been.

Expeditions to remote ruins must often bring the traveller into villages where the pure-blooded Indians live undisturbed, still showing faces that might have served as models for their ancestors' sculptures and wall-paintings. It is sad indeed to learn that the *mestizos* of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, who regard themselves as the true Mexicans, are determined to use their power to reduce Spaniards and Indians alike; in this desire to make everyone into *mestizos* we seem to have the stuff of modern social satire.

Mr. Swan writes well and his pages turn easily with this procession of travel, landscapes, encounters with Indians and foreign visitors, excursions to ruins, churches and fiestas. Yet at the end I found that the only passage which had really moved me was an account by one of Cortes's companions of their first sight of Montezuma's marvellous capital, and the only thing which had made me laugh, Madame Calderón de la Barca's quip when given a tough old Mexican hen for breakfast, "It must have clucked its way through many revolutions."

Reflecting on this discovery, I reached the conclusion that the best travel books are those written by people who do not travel in order to write them—men and women fanatically determined to prove eccentric theories, climb mountains, discover new lands and lost cities, or merchants and professional people and their wives. Or, of course, novelists and poets. When our most intelligent young men set out in search of places "hardly a thing has been written about," and make good this defect as ably as Mr. Swan has done, then what is their next step? Perhaps it is no business of mine, and anyway Mr. Swan tells us that he hopes to return to Mexico well enough equipped to be able to find lost cities for himself.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

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MIDDLE EAST 1940

The Mediterranean and the Middle East. Vol. 1: The Early Successes against Italy. By MAJOR-GENERAL I. S. O. PLAYFAIR. *H.M.S.O.* 35*s.*

In June 1940, after the fall of France and the entry of Italy into the war, the British forces in the Middle East were, except for the long haul round the Cape, virtually cut off from their home base. They had to operate with a handful of divisions against an enemy who had no difficulty in reinforcing his already vastly superior forces; and they were surrounded by, and largely dependent on, cautious neutrals watching which way the cat of fortune would jump. Every plan made had to take into consideration, not only the need of all three services and their logistical limitations, but the economic and diplomatic situation of the entire area. Every bombing raid, every tank foray, shook the whole delicate spider's web of the Mediterranean and caused tremors at Cairo, at Athens, at Ankara and Madrid. Possibly no man during the entire war had to sustain such a burden of responsibility as had Lord Wavell in 1940. His theatre of command reached from the Balkans to Kenya, from the Caucasus to the Sudan. The United Kingdom was a besieged fortress: by the performance of this army the world would judge whether it was worth attempting her relief; and on the success of this army in preserving the vital flow of oil depended her capacity to survive. If the staff of Middle East Command had collapsed under the weight of their nearly intolerable difficulties, the war might not have lasted for England beyond 1941.

So much was to happen later to erase or distort the memories of those early days that it is refreshing to read again in this latest volume of the official war history of the brilliant rapidity with which Lord Wavell adjusted himself to the situation, and secured against the Italians a victory unparalleled against a European enemy since the eighteenth century. And it was not, like the German victories, the result of long-matured preparations. Our forces were under-equipped, inexperienced, incomplete. The Italians not only enjoyed a vast numerical majority, but their troops and airmen had behind them the experience of campaigns in Abyssinia and Spain. But like Napoleon III before him, Mussolini did not dare demand of his country the sacrifices which alone could sustain its bloated reputation. Like him he blundered into an unnecessary war for which his people were, in spite of twenty years of military *panache*, totally unprepared. Both in Cyrenaica and in Greece Italian armies were launched into offensives which, however politically desirable, were in military terms absurd. The morale of the Italians was low, their equipment inadequate, and the British, once they got their measure, manoeuvred with skill, economy and daring. In Cyrenaica two divisions destroyed ten Italian divisions in two months at a cost of under 2,000 casualties, while in East Africa four divisions under Generals Cunningham and Platt took four months to demolish the Italian Empire and destroy a force of 350,000 men. It was a satisfying campaign, not only in its outcome but in its conduct, for it was fought with gallantry and *politesse*. The R.A.F. dropped a message of genuine condolence when Marshal Balbo was shot down by his own gunners, and at the surrender of Amba Alagi the Duke of Aosta's troops marched out with their arms to receive the salute of a Guard of Honour. The European tradition of courtesy and restraint in war gave a last flicker in this obscure corner of Africa; by 1945 its ashes were cold.

Half of this volume deals with preparations and policy before hostilities actually began, and it ends with the defeat of the Italians in the spring of 1941, with the Germans about to intervene both in Africa and in Greece. Thus the book can have none of the unity of its predecessors on Norway and Dunkirk. The author has to cover not only events in the Western Desert and the Middle East, but the course of naval and air war in the Mediterranean, the organisation of the air route over Central Africa, the diplomatic negotiations with Turkey and the Arab States, the beginnings of the campaign in Greece, and the distressing events at Mers-el-Kebir. If the result is confusing, it can be argued that the confusion mirrors reality. The maps are not quite up to the standard set by the earlier volumes, but the photographs are very much better. The great weakness lies in the appendices. This book will be used in future more as a work of reference than as a readable narrative, and one looks for far more detailed information about the sailing and loads of convoys, the losses of shipping and aircraft, the nature and distribution of army casualties. There is a danger that the editors of the series, in their excellent and successful attempt to make their work acceptable to the general reader, may forget the dreary but unfortunately vital demands of the military historian.

MICHAEL HOWARD

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THE WATCHER FROM THE CEILING

The First Decadent. By JAMES LAVER. *Faber.* 25*s.*

The subject of this book, Joris-Karl Huysmans, is principally remembered as the author of *A Rebours,* that strange novel of the Eighties which Wilde imitated somewhat pallidly in *Dorian Gray.* It was certainly the classic statement of *fin-de-siècle* æstheticism, containing the fastidious withdrawal from the outer world into a house designed in every detail to suit the occupant: daylight is excluded, artificial light is filtered through the tinted water of an aquarium, while the predominant colour is orange. How satisfying to creep back into what a later generation can instantly recognise as the uterus, but equipped now with one's favourite authors (Petronius, Apuleius, Baudelaire and Barbey d'Aurevilly), one's pictures by Odilon Rédon, Gustave Moreau and Jan Luyken—a sixteenth-century Dutchman who specialised in the torments of martyrs—one's Byzantine-style ecclesiastical furniture and one's battery of rare liqueurs which can be blended drop by drop to compose symphonies of taste upon the palate. Thus, dry curaçao is the clarinet, kümmel the oboe, crême de menthe and anisette the flute, "at the same time sweet and pepper-sharp, soft and yet wailing."

The Des Esseintes of *A Rebours* is usually held to have been modelled on Count Robert de Montesquiou, the young exquisite who in later life suggested the character of Charlus to Proust. That link admitted, we begin to require some definition of "decadent" literature which, in spite of his title and of having assembled all the symptoms in this highly interesting study, Mr. Laver does not explicitly provide. "Decadence" was clearly radio-active, spreading back to de Sade, Gautier and Baudelaire and forward at least as far as Montherlant. But in these it was only, to a greater or less degree, a partial contamination. It would be inaccurate to see it everywhere as a primary characteristic and one can finally conclude that only Huysmans and a few of his minor contemporaries really exhibit it pure. The true Decadent, it would seem, is conscious of living after a vigorous and, to him, philistine period whose values he challenges simply by inverting them. *A Rebours* means "against the grain," but also "the wrong way round," or even "upside down." Apart from the support this lends to the Freudian theory of pre-natal regression, it provides a working attitude to life good for almost any occasion. The present is invariably nauseous and must be either redecorated or soft-pedalled. Whereas for the Renaissance poet today's roses are certainly good, whatever they may smell like tomorrow, or for the robust Odysseus pity and a gift of blood are alone appropriate for the miserably disembodied shades, for Huysmans's contemporary Mallarmé (though not an integral decadent), *we* are "the sad opacity of our future phantoms." It might, again, be reasonable to see traces of ecclesiastical influence in Parisian railway architecture. Huysmans refuses to put it that way. For him it was not the moderns who learnt from their predecessors but, by a mystical transposition, the dead who foresaw the moderns. After criticising the rococo disparities of St. Sulpice, he reflects that the hideous church was nevertheless "a prophecy in stone." A hundred years before trains existed, its architects had *predicted* the railway station.

If words mean what they say, the First Decadent was Satan. Lying, according to Milton's account, on his back on the Burning Lake, and so inverted in outlook, he began the movement of active negation which probably had more adherents in the nineteenth century than in any other recorded period. Kabbalists, Illuminists, Masons, Rosicrucians and plain devil-worshippers were all engaged in some degree. Huysmans, collecting material for *Là-bas* but also, as was his practice, identifying the novel in hand with his own spiritual Odyssey, was anxious to attend a Black Mass. He apparently did so, towards 1890 in the St. Sulpice quarter, unless his famous description is just literature. In his account it ends in an erotic orgy, but without the sacrifice of a child as in earlier centuries.

His investigations certainly involved him in the internecine wars between "black" and "white" magicians, which were astonishing enough, however one explains the phenomena produced. He sided with the Abbé Boullan, an unfrocked priest, who telegraphed him from Lyons one morning on no account to go to his office in the Ministry of the Interior (he worked there, like Gosse and Dobson at the Board of Trade, in days when employment in a Ministry gave an author ample opportunity to get on with his own work). Huysmans obeyed and escaped being injured by a heavy mirror which fell on his empty desk. Shortly afterwards, Boullan was preparing to come to Paris to deliver a series of lectures which would expose his enemies once for all. In fact, he died suddenly before taking the train. Mr. Laver notes reassuringly that he already suffered from a diseased heart and liver.

The road for Huysmans now led to Rome, but very typically *via* medieval Gothic and Gregorian chant. "The true proof of Catholicism is in its art," he wrote, intent on approaching religion no longer through the Satanic back-door, but still through a side-entrance. He made short retreats to Benedictine abbeys—the Order attracted him for its great cultural traditions—but could never bring himself to embrace monasticism. As a compromise, he took a half share in a house near the Abbey of Ligugé in Poitou, but rapidly tired of the place. After two years, the incurable literary man returned to Paris with the material for a new book in his luggage. Formed originally in the shadow of Zola, Huysmans never abandoned his method of documentation. He lived each new novel as an experience, creating little, but merely stepping-up observed facts. This was even true of his life of St. Lydwine of Schiedam, a medieval saint whose festering diseases he treated with naturalistic realism, retracing this time the masochist-ascetic path to heaven. Before the book was finished, Huysmans himself was beginning to suffer from the cancer of the mouth from which he eventually died. If this transcends Naturalism, it also acquits him in the end of the charge of dilettantism.

Mr. Laver has read everything on and around Huysmans, as appears in his text as well as in his bibliography. The result is an absorbing yet scrupulous short biography, not more sensational than the subject demands and excellent as an introduction to the writer.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

THE VOICE OF AMERICA

Modern American Verse. Edited by GEOFFREY MOORE. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

James Agate, irritated by the whispering and giggling of usherettes seated behind him in a cinema, once said that the first duty of an usherette is to ush, the second is to shush. Mr. Geoffrey Moore, flashing a torch on what are for most English people fairly unlit places, knows just when to ush and when to shush: when to expound and when to let the poem speak for itself. He has arranged fifty-eight poets, from Emily Dickinson to W. S. Merwin, in chronological order. There is a good, bold general introduction; and then, for each poet in turn, Mr. Moore tells us who he is (or she—ten are women), what has been written about him, what his poetry is "like," how he fits in to the general picture. There is also a handy book-list at the back.

Mr. Moore's is not the only anthology in Britain that contains some modern American verse. Michael Roberts's *Faber Book of Modern Verse,* first published eighteen years ago, included poems by Pound and Eliot, Conrad Aiken, H. D., Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, Vachel Lindsay, John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Hart Crane, E. E. Cummings and Richard Eberhart, who are all in the *Penguin Book.* More recently, F. O. Matthiessen's *Oxford Book of American Verse* gave us a pretty full selection; more than half its space was devoted to poets of this century—a ratio that left Longfellow and the other mild old heroes of American letters out in the cold. Even so, Mr. Moore's anthology is both novel and valuable. (Though intended for British readers it is, incidentally, better than any comparable book so far brought out in the United States.) His choice of poets, and his apt comments on them, enable us to view these Americans as a group, and to make some estimate of their national contribution to modern literature.

The national boundaries are of course blurred. As Mr. Moore admits, he had to wrestle with the problem of whether T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden, an American turned English and an Englishman turned American, were disqualified for admission (his solution, to leave in Eliot and exclude Auden, is sensibly justified—though F. O. Matthiessen, with eleven hundred pages at his disposal, found room for both). Yet, as Mr. Moore demonstrates very well, the question of nationality has its importance. One reason why this anthology works is that it has a real unity, despite the variety of its individual contributors. In different ways, they are all Americans.

Some reviewers have picked Mr. Moore up on this point, and argued that his implicit distinction between American and English literature is false. I do not think he draws such a distinction—at least, not in the way that they mean. Nor, with the exception of William Carlos Williams, do the poets with whom he is concerned. I believe most of them would agree with Wallace Stevens who, in answer to an English questionnaire, conceded that Americans "use the same language in pretty much the same way that you do, in print," but nevertheless felt that

> there is an underlying difference of sensibility. . . . Even if a difference was not to be found in anything else, it could be found in what we write about. We live in two different physical worlds and it is not nonsense to think that that matters.

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Mr. Stevens is not waving a large American flag; perhaps he holds a tiny one, but that is only because his English interlocutor has asked him to. For modern American poets, in other words, the question is an interesting but no longer a bothersome one. Their national situation has ceased to be a handicap, and even becomes an advantage. As with drink in the cliché-joke, they can take it or leave it alone.

One of the most striking features of modern verse, American or English, has been its eclecticism. The contemporary poet can incorporate slang and speech-rhythms, and an archaic vocabulary and recondite allusions, all in the same piece. The American poet, not impelled to choose between Europe and America, can summon up the resources of both. Leaning on the European heritage, he can now, with great ease and felicity, slip into his native idiom whenever he wants to. Carl Sandburg sounds self-conscious, heavily so at times: there is not a trace of this fault in such successors as Robert Lowell and Randall Jarrell.

The result, it seems to me, is poetry of an extremely successful and attractive order. The evidence offered by Mr. Moore suggests that the main American literary achievement of this century may lie not in the novel, or in drama, but in poetry. On the whole, the American novels of thirty years ago are wearing thinner than the poems. If it is too soon to say as much of the younger poets represented here, several of them sound as though they will please posterity.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

ARTS AND COMMERCE PROMOTED

The Royal Society of Arts, 1754-1954. By DEREK HUDSON and KENNETH W. LUCKHURST. *Murray.* 30*s.*

The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce (now the Royal Society of Arts) was founded in 1754 on the initiative of William Shipley, a forty-year-old drawing-master from Northampton. Shipley was a man with ideas, who by matching two of them, both commonplace, hatched out a third of rather striking originality. On the one hand, being a drawing-master, a provincial intellectual, he was no stranger to the seventeenth-century philosophers' notion that man's condition could be improved by practical experiment and calculation. On the other hand, he had observed the operation, in a very different field, of the dynamic principle of incentive. The Northampton horse-fair enjoyed great prosperity. Why? Because horse-racing flourished. Again, why? Because the King and others offered rewards in the form of plates and prizes. Now if the principle of the gold plate was the mainspring of the horse-fair could it not also become the mainspring of something rather more beneficial to mankind, namely a movement to apply learning and ingenuity to the nation's industries? Could it not, in fact, render applied science as emulative as the turf? In Shipley's thought one recognizes an echo of the old Royal Society view of the function of experimental philosophy—"to assist familiarly," as Bishop Sprat put it, "in all occasions of human life." The Royal Society had in Shipley's day become a trifle too grand for this kind of endeavour. Shipley picked up the lost cause, geared it to a principle observed in the market-place and with the help of a few intelligent noblemen and gentry started his organisation. In the course of the next two or three generations it was to make a series of memorable impacts on English life.

In ten chapters apiece, Mr. Hudson and Mr. Luckhurst tell the story most agreeably. It is wonderful to find what could be done in the eighteenth century with occasional well-placed grants and a more or less inexhaustible supply of gold medals. By such means potato cultivation was spread, the swede introduced and the "new husbandry" of the drill encouraged. A flat-rate subsidy of £5 an acre temporarily established the growing of madder (for dyeing) as a feature of British agriculture, and had the effect of breaking the Dutch monopoly. Similarly in tree-planting, land-reclamation, horology and the manufacture of textiles all sorts of departures of a more or less scientific kind were given the fillip needed to speed them on a useful career. All done by the provision of sums usually of £50 or less, by the handing out of medals and a great deal of arduous committee-work. In another department, Shipley's own ploy of draughtmanship received like encouragement and when, in its early days, the Society gave hospitality to an exhibition of paintings by London artists it facilitated, according to our authors, "the first specially organised art exhibition ever to be held in this country." An innovation of some consequence.

With the coming of large-scale industrial exploitation of every kind of invention it might seem that Shipley's fragile philanthropy was doomed. In the early Forties it almost was. But immediately several wonderful things happened. The Prince Consort became President; a Royal charter was obtained; and a Mr. Henry Cole, *alias* Felix Summerly, joined the Society. It was the Royal Society of Arts which, under the leadership of Cole and his Prince, prepared the way for the greatest of all industrial exhibitions in 1851.

Since that event, it cannot be said that the Society has figured very prominently in the national life. Its latest historians, in bringing their book up to the bi-centenary year, are able to put together a delightful miscellany of odd jobs—humanitarian, cultural, expository and didactic—which more than justify the Society's continued existence and the support of its many subscribers. But in a world where big business and the state jostle each other for every tit-bit of patronage, the motto on the portico in the Adelphi—"Arts and Commerce Promoted"—has become remotely quaint. Like other institutions of its period, the Royal Society of Arts fulfils the duties of a gracious grandmother, bustling around with odd bits of mending, issuing wise warnings and timely reminders, sometimes letting the grandchildren bring their bright new toys into her drawing-room and sometimes, if they are very good indeed, giving them a beautiful medal.

JOHN SUMMERSON

THE CLOWN AS HAMLET

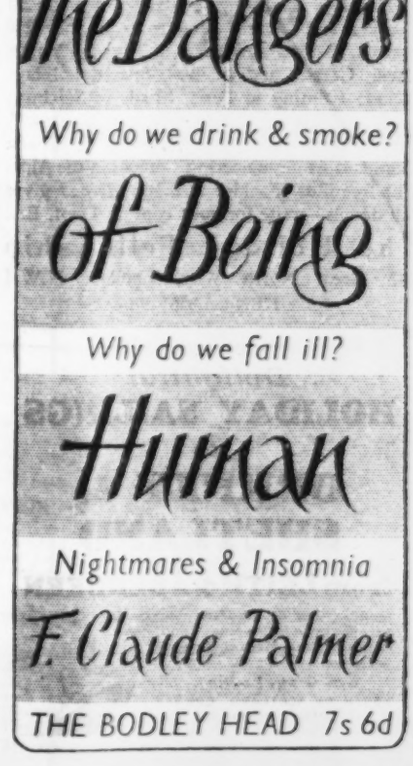
Future Indefinite. By NOËL COWARD. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Just because he is so brilliant a figure in the theatrical firmament, the temporary eclipse of Mr. Noël Coward is something to deplore. I have sometimes tried to explain it to myself in some such terms as these. As a young man Mr. Coward made his reputation by taking as his subject the follies and absurdities of contemporary "High Life." He himself was not born into that society, so that he could view it with a degree of detachment; and a certain distance from the subject is an absolute condition for the comic approach. But his immense success translated him into the very circles he had been writing of; he was taken up by them, became their pet and enjoyed their way of life. Thus, the more successful he became, the more he cut away the ground of his material from under his feet. On the other hand, one might have expected that other subjects would have presented themselves. The whole Left-wing, Welfare State line of our development is deeply antipathetic to his temperament, and one hoped that these tendencies might have brought out the satirist in him to attack really hard. There have, it is true, been one or two skirmishes, but they have been on a very small scale.

I turned to Mr. Coward's second volume of autobiography in the hope that it might help to confirm or to correct this analysis, but from this point of view—indeed from every point of view—*Future Indefinite* is disappointing. It is not a sequel to his earlier volume, *Present Indicative*; it is an account of his war service, and this through no fault of his was not particularly interesting. One knows only too well the kind of personal reminiscences which well-known theatrical figures are capable of producing in this line. Accounts of successful concerts given to admiring troops everywhere from China to Peru; applauding crowds, hitches with microphones, sudden attacks of laryngitis, miles and miles of journeying, topped off with a rich sprinkling of the Christian names of other well-known theatrical and social figures. There is far too much of this unimportant chit-chat in his book for a man of Mr. Coward's talent to be content with.

What light the book does throw on the problem of Mr. Coward as a writer comes in the first part, but it is an oblique and shaded light and the reader must do the focussing for himself. Evidently, just before the war, Mr. Coward, the brilliant entertainer, began to take himself seriously. He became interested in the political situation. Nothing wrong with that—on the contrary. But in the ensuing months he went the fatal stage further. He wanted other people to treat his political interests as of importance, too. The Clown who wants to play Hamlet is a classical case; and Mr. Coward played out a variation on this theme at the outset of war. For by 1939 his upward social march had carried him a good deal further than only into the High Life set. He was on friendly terms with Ministers and Commanders-in-Chief, and called men-of-affairs and Ambassadors by their Christian names. What more natural, then, than that he should feel—with the Great Emergency drawing nearer and nearer—that he deserved to be treated as somebody more important than a mere entertainer?

When the war did come, he did his best—and all honour to him for it—to find a job where his talents could be fully engaged. But other people refused to see eye-to-eye with him about what those talents were. He saw himself as a man-of-affairs; they persisted in regarding him—and trying to use him—as a man-of-the-theatre. This rankled and apparently still rankles, for the



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least pleasant thing about *Future Indefinite* is the tone of rasping self-justification which runs through it. Yet clearly Mr. Coward was not very happy as an administrator, when he tried his hand as head of a propaganda bureau in Paris in 1939. He didn't know the ropes of bureaucracy, and how to pull them or thread one's way through them. Nor did he succeed in imposing himself in his self-appointed role of travelling Ambassador in the United States. He only got himself into trouble. He at last seems to have settled down, as one would expect, when Mr. Coward, man-of-affairs, finally capitulated to Mr. Coward, entertainer. It wasn't a conscious decision. The chance came to go to Australia to give concerts for the Red Cross as a guest of the Government, and he took it. After that other chances of the same kind came and he took them. He was safely back in his *métier*. In between singing to the troops, he wrote one of his most entertaining light comedies, *Blithe Spirit*, and wrote, acted in and directed a notable propaganda film, *In Which We Serve*. What he finds it impossible to admit, it seems, is that these two works were probably his best contribution to the war effort. A cobbler should stick to his last; and the really sad thing about this book is the revelation that even now Mr. Coward does not seem to have learned this elementary lesson.

T. C. WORSLEY

NEW NOVELS

The Tortoise and the Hare. By ELIZABETH JENKINS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Bridge on the River Kwai. By PIERRE BOULLE. Translated by XAN FIELDING. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Doctors. By ANDRÉ SOUBIRAN. Translated by OLIVER COBURN. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Doctor Dear. By MARY BETHUNE. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Jenkins's Imogen Gresham, like the Pompadour, is a woman without much temperament but with a great capacity to charm and please. She leans heavily on these gifts and when she finds that her husband, a brilliant and busy Q.C., has a mistress who is an elderly, plain woman, her self confidence is so shattered that she throws in her hand and resigns to Blanche Silcox.

I feel that Miss Jenkins underrates the natural and conventional human ties and affections. There is too little between Evelyn and Imogen, who after all have been married for eleven years, just as there is too little between Imogen and her nine-year-old son. I cannot believe that a mature and reasonable man would allow his marriage to go smash with so few pangs, efforts or regrets. Love may die, but affection, habit, convention and the sense of possession have more power than Miss Jenkins gives them credit for.

The other relationship of this triangle however is extraordinarily well done. Miss Jenkins, against all odds, makes us believe that Blanche could have become and maintained her position as Evelyn Gresham's mistress. This is due not only to her sex magnetism and her devotion but to the power of her wealth. Evelyn is neither poor nor mercenary but Miss Jenkins makes it plain how strong an attraction the intelligent use of great wealth can be. The food is always delicious, the Rolls always at the door, there is never the faintest squeak from the wheels of life. This competent handling of large resources gives the woman confidence and the man repose. It is the equivalent of the unquestioning authority that high birth once bestowed on its possessors.

The Bridge on the River Kwai is a long way from the domesticities of Berkshire yet it too describes facets of the English character. It is Kipling with a French twist. Colonel Nicholson, a "pukka sahib," is captured by the Japanese. He and his men are sent to a particularly unsavoury camp in order to build a bridge to carry part of the notorious railway line which was to make possible the invasion of India. The Colonel, who has great personal courage and dignity, stands up to every infringement of the Hague Convention by the Japanese. In spite of torture he wins his point: officers are not to work with but to command their men. "The main thing," he explained, to his M.O., "is to make the lads feel they're still being commanded by us and not by these baboons. As long as they cling to this idea they'll be soldiers, not slaves." This gained, however, he is willing to collaborate to make the bridge-building a success and he and his junior officers become infected with the truly Kipling ideal of the job for the job's sake. They put their all into the bridge regardless of its ultimate function and, at the end of the book, when British saboteurs come to destroy it, Nicholson, unable to face the end of his creative work, prevents their ultimate success.

This is a stirring and imaginative book. Whatever Monsieur Boulle may think of Kipling standards he has, to his advantage, soaked in the Master's atmosphere. Ably seconded by an excellent translation he has achieved something of the brisk yet laconic style, the unforgettable character sketches, the technical details, the story-telling magic, which were part of *The Day's Work* and *Many Inventions*.

The Doctors is translated from the first two volumes of *Les Hommes en Blanc* by André Soubiran. The hero is a medical student in Paris and the book deals with his hospital experiences and his amorous career. The style, whether due to author or translator, is flat and cliché-ridden and this prevents us taking much interest in the various love affairs. Some of the descriptions of hospital life however are interesting and I have never read such horrific details of pain and illness in any other book. I finished *The Doctors* with a terrifying consciousness of what may happen to the human body.

Doctor Dear, being English, is less stark and more cosy. It is the record of a young woman doctor in her first practice. The style is crisp and some of the characters have possibilities but the author has absolutely no idea of construction and the whole book is a rag-bag; so full of unrelated and unfinished episodes that it is quite tiring to read.

BETTY ASKWITH

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

COMPLETE recordings of a composer's *oeuvre* by a single soloist are open to many objections, but the case of orchestral works is different and we should feel nothing but gratitude to Decca for entrusting all the symphonies of Vaughan Williams to the LPO under Sir Adrian Boult—the ideal conductor for this undertaking. The final consignment, which includes Nos. 1 and 4-7, seems an almost flawless achievement. I say "seems" because No. 7 has not yet reached me (this symphony is, however, also available in a new and **H.M.V. LP by Hallé/Barbirolli). It is unfortunate that No. 5, which connoisseurs of V.W. consider his finest symphony, should also be the only one of the set to receive a recording that is not of 2-star standard (the string tone has a slight edge). Elsewhere the success is remarkable—especially in the spacious recording of the chorus in No. 1 ("Sea" Symphony)—and in the fiercely scored resentments of No. 4. The Glyndebourne Orchestra, under Vittorio Gui, makes a most attractive doublet of Haydn's rarely heard symphony No. 60 ("Il distratto") and Mozart's "Prague" Symphony (**H.M.V.). The former contains a dramatic Andante and a Finale with one of Haydn's characteristic jokes. It is most beautifully played, and I prefer Gui's reading of the "Prague" Symphony to Beecham's, which (apart from being distinctly less well recorded) opens sleepily, adopts an unsuitably slow beat for the Andante (it should sound graceful, above all), and hurries the Finale. The woodwind in this admirable disc is delightfully forward. Cherubini's single Symphony in D has long been championed by Toscanini.

Despite its Haydnesque affinities, it is a very Latin work (the Trio of the Minuet could not possibly be by Haydn). Toscanini (*H.M.V.) brings out its many attractive and individual features and couples the work with Beethoven's Septet in E flat, Op. 20, in which the solo string parts are played by the whole string ensemble. The effect is pleasing to the ear, but hardly suitable in passages where a solo string timbre is demanded or the wind band is intended to predominate.

Those two awe-inspiring works, Sibelius's Fourth Symphony and *Tapiola*, are coupled on an LP disc which is from every point of view an answer to prayer (**C). Karajan's forceful personality, which seems to combine a highly individual attitude to musical form with an obsessive love for beautiful sound, works miracles of interpretation with music that, like the Fourth Symphony, is bafflingly compressed, or, like *Tapiola*, is so much a world of its own that we have difficulty in getting and keeping our bearings in it. The Philharmonia, too, are at their wonderful best and are given a recording that is very wide in range. A similar care for orchestral texture attends two other very successful symphonic issues: Ravel's **_Daphnis and Chloe_, Suites I and II, with the orchestral arrangement of the same composer's *Alborada del gracioso* as fill-up (C); and Delius's **_Paris_, *_In a Summer Garden_, and *_Summer Night on the River_ (D). The former disc is now, in my view, to be preferred to any other version of the music; Ansermet's complete issue of the ballet (D) is cloudy and devitalised, but André Cluytens extracts a luminous performance from the French Radio Orchestra, and the choral parts, which generally go for little, even in the theatre, are so well rehearsed and balanced that they contribute considerably to the atmosphere. The Delius programme is another offering from that very reliable combination, Anthony Collins and the LSO. In *Paris* Mr. Collins cleverly unites the Toulouse-Lautrec exuberance of the waltz sections with the tenderness of the dreamier moments. In the shorter pieces I feel that a slight increase in smoothness, and a more restricted dynamic range, would have caught the Delian mood more completely.

C. P. E. Bach's Concerto in E flat for harpsichord and fortepiano (probably a new instrument constructed to the design of an early piano) was well worth revival: Lionel Salter and George Malcolm are the deft soloists, with the London Baroque Ensemble (**P); they make the most of the interesting contrast of sonorities, and in J. S. Bach's Concerto in C minor for two harpsichords, on the reverse, they manage to keep out of each other's way. This is a very well made record; I wish I could say the same of Frank Martin's fascinating Harpsichord Concerto (*OL, 10-inch). Like the Petite Symphonie Concertante, this work bears all the marks of the composer's fantastic imagination and distinguished cast of mind. Isabelle Nef, for whom the concerto was written, gives a sensitive and thoughtful performance, but although I cannot resist starring the disc, readers are warned that below mezzo-forte the tone, both of the harpsichord and of the orchestra, has a kind of flicker that is uncomfortable. Prokofiev's Third Piano Concerto, long absent from the catalogues, is probably a work of genius; certainly Julius Katchen makes it sound so, in an admirable recording with the Suisse Romande Orchestra (**D). Another new version, by Samson François, with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under André Cluytens (*C), gives a more leisurely and romantic account of the solo; but the Decca LP is unquestionably the better buy, since it includes an arrestingly beautiful performance of Bartok's Third Piano Concerto, whereas the Columbia merely fills in with some piano pieces by Prokofiev. The Decca piano tone is much the rounder and more realistic, though the orchestral detail is slightly clearer in the Columbia version.

A quantity of chamber music by Mozart and Schubert has recently been gushing from Decca and Nixa, in recordings by the Italian Qt (D) and the Vienna Konzerthaus Qt (N). These include the Schubert Octet (N), but, despite good assistance from the wind, the performance is really too rough to be recommended. Though not particularly distinguished for tidiness or beauty of tone, the Konzerthaus version of Schubert's late and superb Quartet in G major, Op 161, can be tentatively recommended as a passable interim version. Likewise, of the Italian Qt offerings only the coupling of Mozart's *Quartets in F major, K590, and *D major, K 155, seems to me a distinct success, though even here exception could be taken to the instability of the rhythm and the lack of solid tone. Elsewhere, the miniature quality of this quartet's playing—their mincing delivery, anæmic tone and general unwillingness ever to let the music do its own work—contrast most unfavourably with the style of the Schneider Qt in their latest batch of Haydn Quartets, Op 50 (*N. 3 discs). The Schneiders make up in decision and clarity for some lack of refinement in gradation of tone: they do not dress up the music, as the Italians feel obliged to do. Haydn's Op 50 contains six quartets, of which only two (Nos. 1 and 6) could be thought below the composer's usual high standard of interest. They contain many fugal passages and other ingenuities, while a special feature of the set is provided by the unconventional themes of the Minuets. The discs are excellently recorded, and a slight shrillness can easily be corrected by top cut. Readers who do not wish to invest in the whole set are advised that HLP 23 couples the two best quartets (Nos. 3 & 4). Joseph Fuchs and Artur Balsam make a most admirable duo, and I am glad to hail the first of their (in America complete) set of Beethoven's Violin Sonatas. This disc (**B) contains the "Kreutzer" and Op 12, No. 1 in D major, flawlessly played and recorded. This is a much more advantageous record than the Heifetz/Moiseiwitsch version of the "Kreutzer" (*H.M.V.), which spreads itself over two 12-inch sides. Lovers of out-of-the-way eighteenth-century music will want to possess a collection of Trios and Violin and Cello Sonatas (*OL) by the Belgian, Jean Loeillet (1653-1728). Though himself a flautist, Loeillet shows himself in these dignified works a master of baroque style, and an adept at the creation of eloquent cantilena. The violinist in this pleasant, though rather boomy recording, seems to display a greater variety of tone than the cellist, whose utterance is on the grumpy side. Another miscellany, by the Virtuosi di Roma, containing a little known, but wholly delightful String Trio by Rossini, and the C minor Oboe Concerto of Alessandro Marcello (*B), is immaculately played, but the recording, though very clean, is rather strident.

Gieseking's integral recording of Mozart's piano works has reached its second disc (C). In the first, very early pieces are coupled with very late, while the second contains items from the middle of the Köchel Index. The performance is odd, to say the least of it. Gieseking, whose readings of Debussy's *Images*, *Estampes* and *Pour le piano* (**C) leave nothing to be desired, plays the Mozart pieces like a brilliant youngster reading the music at sight, with his nose buried in the score. I have often pressed for a complete recording of Granados's *Goyescas*, and at last Book I of these is available in a really excellent version by Nikita Magaloff (**D). Except in the famous *Nightingale*, Granados tends to overwork his material; but this is unfailingly beautiful, the style is of an aristocratic distinction, and the pianist, well served by the engineers, combines accuracy with passion in a manner that carries all before it.

A visit to the Supraphon catalogue is again strongly recommended, for new LP issues are coming along quickly, and they include much otherwise unavailable Dvorak, as well as orchestral works by Czech composers like Suk, Novak and Fibich. Minor Czech music is sometimes clumsy or vulgar, but it is hardly ever dull. The performances in these records are usually first rate, and the recording, though almost never of two-star standard, is agreeable enough. But readers are advised to sample the discs themselves, as surfaces are very variable.

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MUSeum 4574.

The latest version of Bach's B minor Mass, by the Vienna Musikverein Choir and the Philharmonia Orchestra under Karajan (*C), is a sensational affair. The soloists (Schwarzkopf, Hoffgen, Gedda, Rehfuss) are perfectly in the picture, the choir sings with admirable clarity and is never allowed to drown the orchestra, the instrumental soloists (all British) phrase exquisitely, the woodwind and trumpets give a wonderful display of silvery sound. What then is wrong? Only one thing: the fast choral sections are taken astoundingly fast, in a light, feathery, Italianate fashion that at first appears simply delightful, when compared with the ponderous style to which we are accustomed; but, on second thoughts, doubts arise. Not only would Bach himself have turned in his grave to hear passages like the middle section of the *Sanctus* so lightly touched off, but, after a few hearings, I believe we should begin to agree with him. In every other respect this set is an entire success.

Of the complete operas on my present list only one—the H.M.V. *Trovatore*—seems to me at all thoroughly recommendable. Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* comes to us in two sets (C and N), each of which has different virtues and faults. In the Columbia set Callas sounds like an experienced woman of the world—not a suitable impression for the ingenuous Lucia to make; but the men (Di Stefano, Gobbi, Arié) are all better singers than those in the Nixa set, in which the Lucia, Dolores Wilson, though a soprano of considerable character and vocal resource, is still too insecure to bring off her big scenes. The Nixa set has one great advantage: the orchestral part is much more elegantly conducted by Capuana than it is by Serafin (C), and the balance, which favours the singers in the Columbia set, is more comfortable in the Nixa. Personally, I would not care to lay out a large sum on either of these sets. *Trovatore* (*H.M.V.) is quite another matter. The cast (Milanov, Barbieri, Björling, Warren) is extremely distinguished, by modern standards, and once you accept the fact that almost no attention is paid, either by singers or conductor (Cellini), to Verdi's dynamic markings, you are fairly sure to derive repeated pleasure from this fine recording.

A new recording of Britten's two sonnet sequences (Michelangelo and *Donne), by Alexander Young and Gordon Watson (A), is a sensible coupling and fulfils a need—now that the Pears/Britten SP of the Donne Sonnets has been deleted (their set of the other sequence is still in the H.M.V. catalogue, but the recording is sadly out of date). Both singer and pianist are most intelligent artists, and it is clear that they have gone to great pains over these difficult songs. The result is graceful and well recorded, but in neither case has it the power and incisiveness of the singing and playing in the old sets. Readers are strongly advised not to overlook a collection of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century *Canzone scordate* ("Forgotten Songs") arranged by the Dane, Dörumsgaard, and sung by Gérard Souzay (**D). These songs, by Italian monodists, Alessandro Scarlatti, C. P. E. Bach and various little known Germans, are astonishingly various and expressive, and the performances are exemplary.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,259

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for a new beast fable in not more than 16 lines of verse with a moral directed at any aspect of contemporary professional life. Entries by April 20.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,256

Set by Walter Allen

The usual prizes are offered for not more than sixteen lines either of lament or of consolation exchanged between Private Schine in barracks and his friend Mr. Cohn, in Washington.

Report by Walter Allen

I admit it: the wording of the competition was ambiguous. It could be taken to mean, on the one hand, a lament by Schine or consolation by Cohn or, on the other, a dialogue between the two. A small majority of competitors chose the latter interpretation, and as a whole they were the more successful.

B. L. B.'s Mr. Cohn counselled Private Schine to continue the fight in barracks:

> But if they won't co-operate
> Go right ahead. Investigate
> A hint or two. The chances are
> The Colonel is a Commissar . . .

Private Schine was plaintive, according to J. E. Payne:

> Soon after my enlistment,
> I burned a dozen books,
> But still I ain't an officer,
> Please tell me, friend, what cooks?

fighting back, according to Jim Parrott:

> When Army Reds are put on charge,
> Be sure you don't forget the Sarge;
> Explore the No-Subversives ban,
> And put the Colonel in the can.

roaring, according to Pat Bullen:

> Oh I wanna investigate perverts, gimme a communist front,
> Wanna set alight every book in sight,
> Wanna tear and burn and take my turn
> Rewriting the Constitution so I get more reds to hunt.

Several competitors who essayed dialogue followed the time-honoured pattern of the duet between Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean. I liked especially Spencer Marcuson's, with its last verse:

> On Mr. Cohn, Yes Private Schine.
> There is one thing that I really ought to tell.
> Here McCarthy, you should know, is just called Old Uncle Joe,
> It's too radical, Mr. Cohn! It's Communistic, Private Schine!

To the above, as to D. R. Peddy, H. A. C. Evans, L. G. Udall and Valerie Ranzetta, honourable mention. Prize to be divided between Lakon, Apple Tree, Robert D. Kempner and Geoffrey Coleby.

> I worked for the wrong McCarthy:
> He wasn't the real McCoy.
> Not for me did the eye
> Of a President cry
> And the voice quiver "Nick, you're my boy!"
>
> For the Purge of the Pentagon's posted:
> And the only thing Red that I see
> Is the Staff-Sergeant's face
> With its hideous grimace
> As it leers at the remnant of me.
>
> The days of our duo are numbered—
> Gone the interrogational parley.
> If only I'd known
> Ere I joined you, dear Cohn,
> I'd have chosen the other one—Charlie!

GEOFFREY COLEBY

"The Army's got me on the hook," said Schine-on-Parade.
"They're after bigger fish than you," Cohn-the-Counsellor said.
"What's cooking in the Pentagon?" said Schine-on-Parade.
"It could be Joe McCarthy's goose," Cohn-the-Counsellor said.
"A big bandwagon's on the move, but Joe is not inside;
"Those fellow-travelling generals want to take him for a ride,
"And the Kremlin-hired news-pack is yelping for his hide,
"Now they're laying for McCarthy in the Pentagon."

"The Reds called us his hatchet-men," said Schine-on-Parade.
"They're using us to cut him down," Cohn-the-Counsellor said.
"I'm proud to be his right-hand man," said Schine-on-Parade.

"They've stabbed him in the back with you,"
Cohn-the-Counsellor said.
"He rid the Civil Service of its traitors and its spies,
"He shot the soldiers when he saw the reds of their eyes,
"But—we can't be there to help him to be wiser than those guys
'Who are laying for McCarthy in the Pentagon."

APPLE TREE

THESE GHOULISH THINGS

A sacked professor who was quite pro-labour
A fresh transgressor who said "Love Thy Neighbour"
They make me wish you were here, gee Davy dear,
I pine so for you.

An actor blacklisted from his profession
A foe on whom we've got an indiscretion
And yet my life's lost its glow, I miss you so, my
Davy dear.

We had, such fun, last year Oh Lawd
Those books we purged abroad
The Roosevelt-lovers whom we clawed.

Trade unions that no longer help their members
Their leaders whom we rake across the embers
The old folks I help deport, it's barely sport, without
you Davy dear.

ROBERT D. KEMPNER

COHN: You're a soldier of the line, Private Schine.
You're a soldier of the line, aren't you, Schine?
You're a soldier of the line and you're doing mighty fine
And you're a dam' good friend of mine, David Schine.

SCHINE: I am soldiering alone, Mister Cohn.
I am soldiering alone, ain't I Cohn?
I'm a soldier on my own for it seems that here I'm known.
But mind you I don't moan, Brother Cohn.

COHN: Does the discipline annoy, David boy?
Do you no privilege enjoy?
SCHINE: What's the ploy?
COHN: You're McCarthy's golden boy and McCarthy can destroy
But you're still in our employ.
SCHINE: Thank you Roy.

SCHINE: If the adjutant says 'No'?
COHN: Don't be slow.
SCHINE: If the commandant says "Ho"?
COHN: He must go.
SCHINE: If the C-in-C says 'Whoa'?
COHN: Just you let us know
We can fix that so-and-so
BOTH: Thanks to Joe.

LAKON

CHESS: The Proof of the Pudding . . .

No. 236

It is one thing to have a clear advantage and no less clear-cut a plan, but it is quite another to see it through. Here—Shamkovitch-Moisjeev, Moscow 1952—is a case in point, a most instructive endgame, thoroughly analysed by the players themselves (in *Shakmaty*) and by Dr. Euwe in *Schach-Echo*. White's advantage is as obvious as the plan first to advance the K to e4 and to "park" him on f5 when checked by the Kt; then to make f4 accessible to the K by means of P-KR4, etc.; and, finally, (after the QP has been forced to advance), to retire the K to e3, to attack the Kt by B-R3, and thus to devour the P. A play in "3 acts" as Euwe aptly calls it. Now let us see what really happened.

(1) K-B3	P-QR4	(3) K-B5	P-Q6
(2) K-K4	Kt-B4 ch	(4) B-B6!	P-Kt4!

Had Black played (3)...Kt-K3 White, by (4) K-K5 would have forced the advance of the P under conditions more favourable to him and enabling him to dispense with the complications started by his own and his opponent's excellent 4th move. Obviously (5) P x P would cost a piece owing to the R-check, followed by Kt-Q2; which, as Euwe rightly points out, may prove the doubtful value of f5 as a Royal Parking Place; it also proves that the defender of such positions should be aggressive rather than meekly consent to being led to the slaughter.

(5) R-Q1? P-R5?

Two blunders under time pressure. White should have stuck to plan and played P-KR4, but Black failed to exploit the chance given him by his opponent's lapse. After (5) ... P-Q7 Black could no longer lose the game.

(6) P-Kt4	Kt-R3	(8) K-K4	P-Q7
(7) P x P	Kt x P	(9) B-Q4!	Kt x P

The game has changed its character, the "2nd act" has been skipped, and presently White's positional advantage will yield an attack and mating threats.

(10) R x P	Kt-B8	(21) R-R 8 ch	R-K1
(11) R-QB2	Kt-Kt6	(22) R x P? (B-Kt7!)	Kt x B
(12) R-B8 ch	K-R2		
(13) B-B3	P-B3!	(23) K x Kt	K-Kt1
(14) K-B5!	R-QKt2	(24) R-R6	K-R2
(15) P-Kt6	R x P	(25) R-R7 ch	K-Kt1
(16) R-B7 ch	K-Kt1	(26) R-KKt7 ch	K-R1
(17) K-Kt6	K-B1	(27) R-KB7	R-K7!
(18) B x P	R-K3!	(28) K-Kt6	K-Kt1
(19) R-QR7	Kt-B4	(29) R-Kt7ch	K-B1
(20) R-R5	Kt-Q2	(30) P-R4	R-K5?

After (31) K x P Black resigned, but (30) ... P-R4! It wouldn't have been easy for White. Here is one of the winning lines indicated by Shamkovitch: (31) R-B7 ch, K-K1 (32) P x RP, P x P (33) P-R6, P x P (34) R-B3, P-Kt7 (35) R-KKt3, K-B1 (36) P-R7, R-K3 ch (37) K-R5, etc.

A: L. Jellinek
1915

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White (who might well have resigned) made the shrewd move (1) Q-QB1; Black innocently played B x P ch. How did White now get away with a draw? **B** (6 points) is a famous classic. White to win. **C**—White to draw—is an equally instructive study, hardly a bargain at 7 points.

B: H. Rinck
1926

C: G. N. Zachodjakin
1930

Usual prizes. Entries by April 20.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 20

A: Q-Kt6!! wins at once; P x Q being countered by Kt x B ch etc.

B: (1) K-Kt4, R-B4! (2) P-B6, R x P. (3) P-B7, R-R5 ch. (4) K-Kt5, R-R4 ch. (5) K-Kt6, R-R3 ch. (6) B-Q6! R x B ch. (7) K-Kt5, R-Q4 ch. (8) K-Kt4, R-Q5 ch. (9) K-Kt3, R-Q6 ch. (10) K-B2, R-Q5! (11) P-B8 = R!!, R-QR5. (12) K-Kt 3 etc.

C: (1) B-B2, B-K3. (2) R-Kt6, B-Q4. (3) R-Kt5! B-B5! (4) R-Kt4, B-Kt6! (5) R-Kt3, B-R7. (6) R-KB3, B-K2. (7) R-K3, B-Q3. (8) R-Q3, B-Kt5. (9) R-Q4! etc.

Even though quite a few competitors were stumped by **B** and/or **C**. I got well over a score of correct solutions; also some touching tributes to our old friend Mieses. Prizes shared by C. H. Brown, R. Chandra, F. R. Oliver, R. Russell.

Londoners' 20th move P-B5. *Non-Londoners' 21st due by April 13th.*

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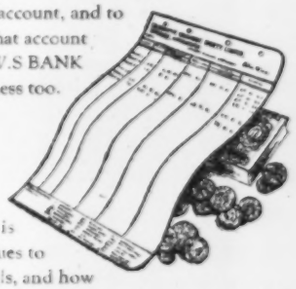

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Week-end Crossword No. 95

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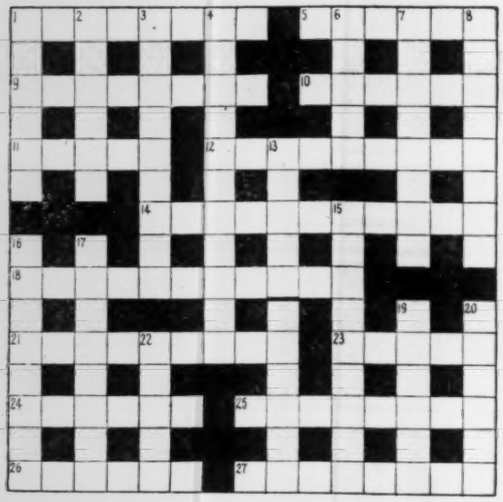


ACROSS

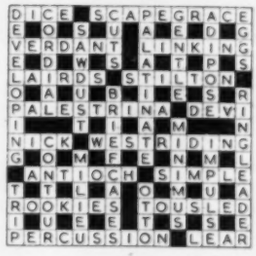
1. Statesman with a new state at heart (8).
5. Wristy motoring friend (6).
9. Fuel which is fifty per cent. cleaner (8).
10. Beecham, for example, is all right for this composer (6).
11. The final comes in between two home games (5).
12. Contrive means for holes in the deck (9).
14. Sober, but it sounds like an inconsistent description of drinks (11).
18. Mingling dancers tend to be overcome (11).
21. University town which is little more than a radio village (9).
23. Conspirator addressed as an animal (5).
24. Cork's companion (6).
25. Attributed to the clerk in the advertisement (8).
26. "That specious monster, my accomplished snare" (6).
27. Not well-balanced, but it may be done round the edge (8).

DOWN

1. Fish up on the mountain? Clever chap (6).
2. Scorched, as a result of incarnadining? (6).
3. Old-fashioned ways confuse a miss under the bridge (9).
4. Tragedy about the capital; it is in Surrey (11).
6. A crude effort is put to shame (5).
7. A prime minister provides half of the small sum (8).
8. Mere swank for the bank (8).
13. It is always somebody else who is the highbrow (5, 6).
15. Hen beetles? (9).
16. Plastered, slices up a school-child (8).
17. Lesson of Labour's reverse in Scotland (8).
19. Checked the kennel? (6).
20. The clergyman is practically in mourning, although he has celebrated a happy occasion (6).
22. In the country play at first (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 93



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UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for a position of Lecturer in Psychology. Salary £A1,100 to £A1,450 with annual increments of £A40, commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation is similar to F.S.S.U. The appointee will be expected to take up duty as soon as possible. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applications, in Australia & London, is May 15, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in Economics, salary in Grade II (£550—£1,100), together with F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience but not exceeding £750. Applications (six copies), together with the names of two referees, should be sent by May 15 to the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3. Further particulars can be obtained from the undersigned. C. G. Burton, Secretary.

LONDON County Council. Posts of special responsibility, Tudor (M) School, Queen's Head Street, N.1 (400 boys, 452 girls, 11-15+). The present boys' and girls' schools will shortly be combined to form a secondary mixed school. Applications invited immediately from qualified assistant teachers for appointment to the Council's service and assignment to this school. Required as follows:—(a) Second assistant master, special allowance £100, to take general responsibility for boys. (b) Assistant teachers for art, crafts, commercial work, English, drama and speech training, French, metalwork, mathematics, music, science, needlework, physical education. Special allowances ranging from £40 to £80 will be available for suitable applicants for some of these posts. Women applicants not already in the London service may only apply for the needlework and physical education posts. Application forms (EO/TS10 (Tudor)) to be obtained from Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, London, S.E.1 and returned to Divisional Officer, 20 Compton Terrace, N.1. (404).

WILLIAM Temple College is shortly to be established in the Old Rectory, Rugby. The Governors propose to appoint a man to the teaching staff who is interested in the (1) aims for which the College stands, as a link between the Church and Industry, (2) work of the College in relating Christian thinking to the problems of Industry. Academic qualifications are essential. Ability to lecture in the field of social and industrial studies and experience of industry are desirable. There will be opportunities for obtaining insights into industry and industrial organisations in this country. Salary and emoluments will be paid according to a scale similar to that of a University lecturer. Applications (six copies) should be sent to the Principal, William Temple College, c/o 69 Great Peter Street, London, S.W.1, by April 24, 1954.

ACCOUNTANT—Chartered or Incorporated—aged 25 to 35, required by Glaxo Laboratories, Ltd., for progressive appointment in Pakistan. Industrial or Commercial experience, including cost accounting an advantage, but applications also considered from newly qualified accountants. Generous salary and allowances and regular home leave. Further details will be given at a personal interview. Write Senior Personnel Officer, Glaxo Laboratories, Ltd., Greenford, Middx.

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Research Assistant, Local Government. Knowledge of Local Government Social Services and the Labour Movement together with drafting ability essential. University and/or professional qualifications; or practical experience in Local Government an advantage. Salary £600-£700. Applic. forms, to be returned not later than April 26, 1954, with two examples of written work, from Morgan Phillips, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

NATIONAL Peace Council requires General Secretary. Knowledge of international affairs, organising ability & administrative experience essential. Salary according to qualifications. Applications, with full particulars, should be sent before April 30 to Chairman, N.P.C., 29 Great James St., W.C.1.

MATHEMATICS Master (Hons. Graduate), reqd. to take charge of Mathematics Dept. of Boys' Boarding School, Brighton. Preparation up to & including Ordinary & Advanced level of G.C.E. Post resident or non-resident. Burnham Scale plus. Apply giving partics. experience & copies refs. Box 7000.

INSTRUCTOR in English (full-time or substantial part-time) required by Correspondence School. Journalistic experience a recommendation but not essential. Write fully (in confidence) giving details of age, experience and qualifications to Box 6970.

JUNIOR Mistress, not over 40, reqd. in May for small group 7-10-yr.-olds. Co-ed. school in Gloucestershire. Box 6983

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1954, but early application is advised as an earlier closing date may eventually be announced. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small; individual vacancies exist at present for candidates who have specialised in palæobotany, foraminifera, malacology and lichenology. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1954 may apply before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1954 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers; (men) £975—£1,150; (women) £845—£1,025. Scientific Officers (men) £470—£855; (women) £470—£750. Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440—£760. Women's rates under review. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/54 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/54, S.128/54 for the other posts.

B.B.C. invites applications for posts in Programme Operations. Successful candidates will join Staff Training Reserve from which most junior vacancies in Programme Operations Departments are filled. The work of these Departments covers the operational work involved in Studios for the preparation and transmission of all programmes whether live or pre-recorded. This includes the placing of artists in relation to the microphone, the reproduction of recordings and the manipulation of apparatus used in producing sound effects. Candidates should preferably be between the ages of 20 and 25 and must be physically fit as the hours of duty are irregular and may include night shifts. They must possess manual dexterity in the operation of equipment and the capacity to assimilate a certain amount of technical knowledge (broadcasting equipment, problems of acoustics, recording techniques). Considerable emphasis will be placed on personal qualities, particularly the ability to deal tactfully and confidently with people, to think quickly and to remain calm in emergencies. A wide general interest in the Arts is necessary but as there is some variation of work within Departments, it would be valuable for candidates to possess some knowledge of dramatic production, or have the ability to follow a music score, while for many posts vocal and operational suitability for microphone work and some linguistic ability is essential. Starting salary £400 p.a. for trial period of six months with prospect of promotion when fully qualified to £450 p.a. rising by 5 annual increments to £635 p.a. maximum. Prospects of further promotion in competition. Requests for Application Forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "120 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. The British Broadcasting Corporation proposes to recruit a limited number of men and women of high University or equivalent standard aged 21-25 inclusive with a view to appointment after 2 years' training to the non-Engineering Staff in one of the broadcasting fields (Sound or Television) of Programme Production and Planning, Editorial work, or Administration. Requests for further particulars and application form enclosing addressed foolscap-size envelope and quoting "Trainee N.Stm." should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant required by Institute of Public Administration for initial period of 2 years to assist in organisation of courses, lectures and conferences, and other parts of the Institute's work. Starting salary within £600-£750. Contributory pension scheme. Apply to Director, 76a, New Cavendish St., London, W.1 by April 20.

MORLEY College: Wanted, part-time Librarian, pref. qualified, mainly evening work. Full partics. from Secretary, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., London, S.E.1.

DESIGN Research Unit has an immediate vacancy for an experienced production assistant for director concerned with print and package design, to order and progress print and materials. Some knowledge costing and ability to type essential. Apply in writing to Business Manager, 37 Park St., W.1.

DESIGN Research Unit has an immediate vacancy for first-class experienced secretary for senior director concerned with graphic design. Apply in writing to Business Manager, 37 Park Street, W.1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CIVIL Service Commission. H.M. Inspectors of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Probationary Assistant Postal Controllers; Grade III Officers, Ministry of Defence (the "Special Departmental Classes"). The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms for Method I has been extended to May 31, 1954. Age 20½-24 on August 1, 1954, with extension for Forces service. For particulars and application forms write (preferably by postcard) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 17-20/54.

CHILDREN'S Service—res. Deputy Superintendent and Assistant Matron (joint appointment) reqd. at Wood Vale, W. Norwood, S.E.27 (L.C.C. home for 280 children, 5-15 yrs.). Comparable res. expce. and/or quals. (e.g., Home Office Child Care cert.) essential. Salary: Dep. Supt., £600, rising to £721; Asst. Matron, £450, rising to £512 10s., both less £94 0s. 8d. for board, etc. Applics. invited from married couples or unmarried persons. No accom. available for dependants. Applic. forms and details (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/391), L.C.C., County Hall, London, S.E.1.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker, Teacher (Supervisor) required. Salary £560, rising to £680, plus London weighting. Write, giving full details of age, experience, qualifications and names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Closing date 14 days after appearance of this advertisement.

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Committee. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker I rqd. initially at Willesden Child Guidance Centre. Mental Health Certificate of L.S.E. or equivalent. Experience essential. Salary as P.T.A. Circ. 17, i.e., on appropriate point of scale of £500 × £20—£640 p.a., plus London Weighting (minimum abated £15 for each year or part of year short of 2 years' qualified experience). Subject to medical assessment and prescribed conditions. Application forms from Borough Education Officer, Education Office, 163 Willesden Lane, N.W.6, returnable by April 17 (quote N.266, N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

HAMMERSMITH Chest Clinic. The London County Council invites applications from holders of the Certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or social science certificate of a recognised school of sociology who have practical experience in social work for appointment as local tuberculosis care organiser at the Hammersmith Chest Clinic, Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Road, W.12. Salary scale £500 to £625. Duties include medico-social and secretarial work for the local tuberculosis care committee. Further particulars on application form, obtainable from Divisional Medical Officer, Health Division 1, 129 Fulham Palace Road, W.6, for return by April 17. (312)

CHILDREN'S Service. Suitably qualified woman reqd. as res. Deputy Warden of Gisburne House Approved School, Watford, Herts. (accom. 52 girls aged 10½-15 yrs.). Expce. of approved school or comparable work essential. Social science or child care quals. an advantage. Salary: (i) (if teacher) Burnham Scale plus three additional increments carried beyond the max. of scale, plus resp. allwce. of £40, plus res. emols.; (ii) (if non-teacher) £550 × £15-£625, less £94 0s 8d. for board &c. Salary scales & charges subject to review in near future. Details and appl. form (s.a.e.) fr. Children's Officer (CH/A2/286), L.C.C., County Hall, London, S.E.1.

COUNTY Council of the County of West Lothian. Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker with West Lothian County Council. The person appointed will be required to assist in the development of the psychiatric service related to the School Health Service, in addition to duties in the general psychiatric services for which the Local Authority is responsible. Qualifications, salary and conditions of service will be as recommended by the Whitley Council for the Health Services. Salary Scale £470-£640 p.a. The post is superannuable and the successful candidate will be required to produce a medical certificate. Applications, giving age, qualifications and experience, together with names of two referees, to be lodged with the undersigned within fourteen days from the appearance of this advertisement. John Calder, County Clerk, County Buildings, Linlithgow.

SOCIAL Workers required as temporary assistant organisers of children's care work in the Public Health Department of the London County Council. Duties: social work connected with the school health services, including recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Social Science qualification desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £468—£625. Application forms and details obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. and returnable by April 21. (390)

NATIONAL Union of Students req. young shorthand-typists with good speeds (previous exp. not essen.); interesting work; summer hol. this year. Also temp. clerks. Apply: Gen. Sec., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

RESPONSIBLE secretary to take charge office. Small expanding factory & architect's practice. Reqd. after Easter. 5-day wk. LM Furniture, Ltd., Wallingford, Berks.

PPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRITISH Electricity Authority require Assistant for Central Information Service at Headquarters in London. Duties involve indexing and abstracting Technical Publications of interest to Electricity Supply Industry, translating and information searches on particular subjects. Candidates should have some knowledge of Engineering or scientific subjects and experience in translating from at least one Foreign language (preferably French). Salary N.J.C., Grade 3, £575-£635 inclusive. Pension scheme. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, present position and salary to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, British Electricity Authority, Winsley Street, London, W.1, by April 19, 1954. Quote reference AE/470.

ORCHARD Dene, Rainhill, Liverpool. A Short-stay Home for Mental Defective Children. Applications are invited for the post of Matron. Qualifications: S.R.N. and Qualified Mental Nurse, with experience in general administration and a genuine interest in this type of child. Applications are also invited for the post of Deputy Matron. Qualifications: S.R.N. or Qualified Mental Nurse with experience in the care of children. Very suitable post for two friends or a husband and wife. Superannuation scheme, salaries according to recognised scales and experience. Applications for either post with full details together with the names of two referees within 14 days of this advertisement to: The Secretary, Residential Services Department, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

LONDON Advertising Agency with important electrical clients requires copywriter for technical and general accounts. Must be (a) A ready writer. (b) Accurately and fully briefed on electrical matters, both in supply industry and at consumer end. Salary £700 upwards according to experience. Write in confidence giving full details of qualifications, age, present job to: Creative Manager, Mather & Crowther, Ltd., Brettenham House, Lancaster Place, London, W.C.2.

THE S.O.S. Society invite applications for the posts of Trainee Assistant Wardens in their hostels for young men and boys in London. Commencing salary £3 5s. with increases to £4, live in, all found. Pension Scheme for permanent staff and assistance with study for Social Science Diploma. Qualifications: Age 23-37, experience welfare work, Youth Clubs, etc. Applications in writing to Gen. Secretary, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted in September, 1954, a trained cook with some experience, for boarding school of 100 children. Please apply to Miss Davies, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

HOUSEMOTHER or father required by small community school, general supervision, spare time activities, hygiene, interested in maladjusted children. Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury.

IRASCIBLE Director of national engineering firm, also engaged in Local Government and sometime Parliamentary Candidate, requires a Secretary with degree standard education, and able to spell, for work at Head Office in Southern Cathedral city. Box 6893.

PRESS Agency reqs. immed. intelligent young girl for secretarial duties. Must be proficient shorthand-typist in German. Knowledge French desirable. Box 7145.

A PANEL of Temporary Shorthand and Copy Typists is being enrolled by St. Stephen's Secretariat for work during the Spring and Summer, 10-5. No Sats. Any period. All districts. 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus, or 38 Parliament St., S.W.1.

ACME Agency for perm. and temp office jobs. No Fees. 4 Blenheim St., Bond St., W.1 (1st right Oxford St. end). GRO. 4577.

TEMPORARY shorthand-typs., bi-lingual shorthand-typs., etc., reqd. for interesting work. High rates of pay. GER. 4577.

JUNIOR Office Asst. reqd. immediately by Voluntary Organisation. Write with full particulars & salary required. Box 7011.

RESPONS. person to look after 3 children's physical & mental well-being. Help prov. Interesting household. Box 7077.

RESPONSIBLE woman reqd. for light duties & occasional family-minding. Lge furn. room with cooking fac. avail. Doctor's family (yng. children). N. London. Box 7045.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ABSOLUTELY honest, hard-working young man anxious obtain any sort work (London area) needing intelligence, skill and initiative. Excel. driver, good knowledge London. Harman, 5 Clewer Lodge, Windsor. Windsor 936.

DESIGNERS. All forms of publicity & printed matter. Complete printing service available. English, French, German. Box 6047.

SIX months' work rqd. by young man 27. Kndge. surveying, mapping, library work, writing, bookselling, accounting, mining, E. & W. Africa. Gd. driver w. own car, hard-working, adaptable; anything cons. Box 6887.

YOUNG man (35) sks. temp. post. Fluent Spanish, excellent French, Italian. Anything considered except office work. Box 7033.

U.S. Ph.D. (Yale, Int. Rels.), m., 27, sks. challenging post Eng./Cont. Box 7046.

B.Sc. (Econ.), 28, ex-Navy, present salary £650, earnestly desires position in production admin., medium/small firm. Exper. Time Study/Market Analysis. Box 6717

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

ACCOUNTANT/Business Manager stagnating in present post requires progressive position. Good organiser. Box 7029.

MAN, 27, Cambridge graduate, five years' cultural and educational work abroad, would like to root securely in London from about September. Available for interview June/July. Box 6914.

ADVNCD. perceptive yng. wmn. (20s), retnd. fr. yr's. wandering-wkng. Eur., sks. opp. Africa as H.Q. pref. travel, jnlism., org. use car (safaris, etc.?). Univ., gnl. reprtng-intvwng. sub.ed. fr. lnc., wdly. read, wl. spkn., exp. vol. org. sec., proved respnsbl. diplmcy. loyal, sense humour-enthusm. Eng. Afrik. Ital., knowl. Fr. Wish escape wasting in hum-drum existence lacking demand on personality, initiative. Only serious repls. Opportunity. Box 713, Pt. Elizabeth, S.A.

WOMAN, 32, educated, intelligent, sympathetic, tactful, car driver, typing, travelled, likes people, thrives on responsibility, seeks post needing initiative and hard work and good remuneration. Box 6806.

PRIVATE Secretary to famous film star reqs. post. Capable of dealing with fan mail, personal correspondence, P.A.Y.E., Accounts, etc. Can drive car. Willing travel. Box 7126.

MOTHER requires daily work with family, hours to be discussed, willing baby-sit. Has 11-month girl and boy, Hampstead school, to take and collect. Eyles, 81 Hillfield Avenue, London, N.8.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

GERMAN-Engl. secy., very expd., own typewriter, free occas. Box 7048.

RELIABLE intelligent young woman, fond children, car driver, free 4.30-6.30 thrice weekly. Kensington/Chelsea area. Box 7086.

LADY seeks paid part-time post London. Children, animals. Box 6903.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

PICTURESQUE Tudor Farmhouse, Dorset Village. Quiet, secluded, 2 mins. Salisbury-Weymouth bus. 2½ hrs. Waterloo to door. Cons. accom. Own produce. Personal serv. Cuisine of distinction. Parties & families welc. Manor Farmhouse, East Woodyates, Salisbury. A "chez Sebastien" Guest House.

BEAUTIFUL Countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Horeham Rd. 32.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 5-7½*gns*. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Portheven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby.

BOOK your Spring or Summer holiday now! Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, amongst beautiful lake and mountain scenery, offers friendliness, comfort, first-class food. Anne Horner, Telephone 508.

EASTER Vacancies: Country House nr. sea. Own produce/poultry: terms 1*gn*. per day: The Thorne, Ninfield Road, Bexhill-on-Sea. (Ninfield 212.)

RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

WEEK-end country house-parties (few vacancies Easter), lovely surroundings, excellent catering; friendly, happy atmosphere. The Hallams, Blackheath, nr. Shamley Green, Guildford. Tel. Bromley 306811.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

SEAWEED Flies. There is no seaweed on Dartmoor and no flies on Chagford. Ask for holiday details from the Secretary, Chagford Hotels Association, Devon.

THAMESIDE holiday nr. Oxford. Croft House, Burcot, Oxon. Mod. tms. Boating, tennis, archery. Clifton Hampden 232.

HARROGATE. French week, June 14-19. Full programme and holiday guide from W. W. Baxter, Royal Hall, Harrogate.

CORNWALL. Happy carefree holiday in French lady's cottage, 3-4 pers. only. ¼ mile beach. Well cooked food. Real personal attention. 5*gns*. wkly. all incl. Mrs. Luxemburg, 3 Polbreen Lane, St. Agnes.

KINGSDOWN-on-Sea, Nr. Deal, Kent. Biencathra Guest House (R.A.C. Approved), overlkg. golf course, sea; gd. food, own poultry, v. comf. 6/7*gns*. Kingsdown 225.

FARM Holidays. The 1954 Farm Guide describes Britain's Best Holiday Farms. Pages of pictures, 3*s*. 2*d*. post free. Farm Guide, Dept. N.S., 49 Broomlands St. Paisley.

TINTAGEL/Boscastle, Trethevy Hotel. Beautiful and restful Cornish coastal sit., home farm and ckg., every comfort. Brochure.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

PORTMEIRION. The Hotel opens for its 28th season on April 14th with various newly added amenities and embellishments. The 7th edition of the Peninsula Guide just published, "Portmeirion Explained," can be had for 2*s*. 6*d*. from the Secretary, Portmeirion, Penrhyndeudraeth, Merioneth.

SEA Palling, Norfolk. Quiet village near Broads, delightful beach. Good food (vegetarian optional). Full August. S.a.c. Woodbine Guest House, Tel. Hickling 236.

EASTER recuperation at Higham Health Centre in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for Easter terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3*s*. 6*d*., postage 3*d*. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

OLD Plaw Hatch, nr. East Grinstead, Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Lovely walks and good food at the end of them. Club Lic. Sharpthorne 17.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton.—Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms of comfort and character. A new venture but already with a reputation. From 7 *gns*. Brochure. Proprietor: D. Chapman, M.P.

DEVON. Guest house, own poultry, eggs, cream. 3 acres grounds. Fishing. Children welc. 4½-6½ *gns*. Bossell, Buckfastleigh.

ENGLISH Lakes. "Beck Allans," Grasmere. H. & C. all bedrms. Two lounges (one equipped with T.V.). Terms mod. Brochure. Res. Prop.: A. & E. Wild. Tel. Gras. 129.

KENT. XVth century farmhouse in wooded Downs with orchard and meadows. Ideal walking country. Elmsted 353. H. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford.

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. Perfect for a restful holiday. Every comfort in a charming old-world setting. Directly facing harbour. Safe bathing, magnificent cliff/country walks. Good touring centre. Garage. Terms 6-7½*gns*. 'Phone 264.

BURNHAM Beeches, Bucks. Homely cottage accommodation for hikers, cyclists. Terms moderate. Box 5875.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. Loveliest position on sunny Cornish coast. Every comfort. "Home" cooking. A.A. recommended.

EARLY Summer Holidays in "Britain's Best Climate" (town claim). Brochure free. Advantageous terms May; Twin-bedded 4½/6½*gns*., incl. early tea, gratuities, htd. bedroom (cen. htng. throughout) if weather cool, full board & discount tickets entitling town amenities ½-price. Singles Annexe 4½*gns*. Meat/Veget. Rec. by readers. Normanhurst P./Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos. 3-mile Prom., Sun-Lounge orchestra. Few summer vacs. 5½/8*gns*. Hastings 4784.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London, 6*gns*. p.w. 6½*gns*. July-Sept. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.), St. Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

IT'S been a hard winter, so why not have a short break at Easter and stay at the Historical Crab & Lobster Hotel, Ventnor, Isle of Wight. Excellent continental chef. 25*s*. to 27*s*. 6*d*. per day. Summer terms 7*gns*. to 11*gns*. weekly.

EARLY holidays in glorious Devon. Strawberries and cream served daily in early season. "Seaview" Guest House adj. famous 3 miles golden sands, also furnished bungalows to let. Vacancies up to July 10. Tel. 44. Write Mrs. Garness, Woolacombe.

ENJOY Easter at White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

STRATFORD-on-Avon. Comf. board residence. Priv. house, central for Churches and Theatre, etc. Interior spring mattresses. Gas fires in bedrms. Good cooking. 6*gns*. Misses Davies, 56 Rother St. Tel. 3769.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House facing sea; h. & c. bedrooms; farm produce, excel. food. Red. terms now/mid July and Sept. Tel. 286.

BUCKS. "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 516.

MULLION, South Cornwall. Why not spend your holiday at this picturesque Cornish resort and stay at the Mounts Bay Hotel? Every comfort, h. & c. and spring interior mattresses all rooms. Open all the year. Write for brochure. Resident Proprietors: Mr. & Mrs. R. Poynter.

HASTINGS. Book your holiday now. Comfortable private house in beautiful position overlooking sea. Terms: March-June, 6*gns*., June-Sept. 7*gns*. Box 6252.

PEAR Tree Farm Guest House, Smallmoor, Middlezoy, Bridgwater, Somerset. Studs., children welc. Write brochure, Mrs. Knight.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

THE Royal Hotel, Bath (Opp. Station). Modernised and refurnished throughout. Central heating, telephone and radio in all rooms. Grill Room. Terms from 17*s*. 6*d*. bed and breakfast. Tel. Bath 61517/9.

CHEDDAR, Som. Hillview Hotel (Private) offers restful country holiday with comfort, good food and personal service. 6/7*gns*. G. M. & M. Kerton.

CORNWALL. Seafront mid-promenade, safe bathing opp. house. Bed & bkfast. £3 10*s*. wk. Steen, 4 Marine Terr., Penzance.

PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Ideally sitd. Wenlock Edge. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

DEVON, Easton Court Hotel, Chagford 3169, is still going strong. Small warm house, good food, pleasant country for hunting, golf, walking.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers restful holidays with good food, sunny rooms, mod. cons., large garden.

HOVE. For happy, comfortable holidays. 4 mins. sea & lawns. H. & c. Excellent food. Terms from 5*gns*. 18 Rutland Gardens. Tel. Hove 39389.

BETWEEN Looe and Polperro. Country House, possessing every modern amenity, in 12 acres gardens overlooking sea, offers restful holiday and perfect food based on own farm produce. No children under 12. Latter half August booked. Porthallow Old House, Talland Bay, Looe, Cornwall.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 6*gns*. weekly. 8-9*gns*. summer.

OXFORD 8 miles. Croft House, Burcot, nr. Abingdon. Warmth, comfort, good food. A.A., R.A.C. Clifton Hampden 232.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Details: Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6*gns*. George & Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing. 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Have holidays here this year and enjoy the sea breezes and mountain air. Avondale House, Mulrany, Co. Mayo.

BOOK Irish holiday now in lovely Connemara. Modern licensed guest house. H.c. all bedrooms. Continental cuisine. Bathing, boating, fishing, motoring available. Mod. terms. Broch.: Mrs. Grenville Holms, Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Co. Galway.

GAY, cheap holidays. Hotel Carabela built on beach at Paguera, Majorca.

FRENCH Riviera: Flowered terraces overlooking sea. Ideal climate; excellent cuisine; 1,000 yds. from Monte Carlo Casino; open all year; moderate terms. Hotel Sévigné—Roquebrune—Cap Martin. "Where guests are not just people who pay!" M. Radenne.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful quiet situation above sandy beach. Mod. comfs., 1st-class cuisine, own cabin cruiser. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to end June. Ill. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the "Good Food Guide 1954." Revised and enlarged and still 5*s*. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell & Co., 37, St. Andrews Hill, London, E.C.4.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. April issue now ready. Of all booksellers 3*s*. 6*d*. net (35*s*. p.a.).

LEFTWING Labour hasn't yet succeeded in reversing rightwing policy. There's a basic reason. See R. Palme Dutt's "The Party of Victory," Labour Monthly. Order 1*s*. 6*d*. all newsagents. Or 9*s*. half-year's sub., from N. 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

DYLAN Thomas: His brilliant satire "How To Be A Poet" appears in the current issue of "Now," which also contains entry form for £250 cash award scheme for writers. P/O for 1*s*. 9*d*. to Monktons, 140 Salisbury Square House, E.C.4, or through booksellers.

SOVIET Film Plans, 1954. Also "Life in the Arctic"; "Maximka"; Theatre Screened; Script Studio, &c. SCR Film Bulletin No. 6, 1*s*. 6*d*., post 3*d*., from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGY Teaching in Soviet Training Colleges. Also: Development of Sensations in Children. S.C.R. Education Bulletin, now in printed form, Vol. 1, No. 1. From bookshops or S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1*s*. 6*d*. (post 3*d*.).

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"BARCHESTER Towers," dramatisation in 3 acts from Anthony Trollope's famous novel by John Draper. "A pleasant and efficient adaptation . . . deserves serious consideration"—Drama. "Faithfully reproduced . . . representation of the characters is excellent"—Amat. Stage. Copies 5*s*. 3*d*. post pd. Margery Vosper Ltd. 32 Shaftesbury Av., W.1.

COOKERY Classics of the Century. "Indian Cookery," by Veerasawmy, 224 pages, the only authentic Indian Cook book. Outstanding, 10*s*. 6*d*. Countess Morphy's "Recipes of All Nations." 640 pages, complete 16*s*., and her "Mushroom Recipes," only 7*s*. 6*d*. Published by Arco Publishing Co., Ltd. 10 Fitzroy Street, London, W.1., and available from all good booksellers.

READ the Hushed-up Facts behind the recent Edinburgh "Inquiry" into Nature Cure treatment. The full story is in "Trial by Newspaper" in the "Kingston Health Chronicle," 7*d*. (by post 8½*d*. or annual sub. 8*s*. 6*d*.) fr. The Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

THEY Died Like Flies—a true tragedy of modern chemistry: an article in the Winter number of "The Farmer" which should not be missed. Also "Ulcers or Energy?"; "Garden Work for the Spring"; and "Happiness Through Food" by Dr. A. B. Cunning. Edited by Newman Turner, price 2*s*. 6*d*. a quarter or 10*s*. a year post free from Ferne Farm (N), Shaftesbury, Dorset.

FLUORIDATION is one of the topics covered in the "Health Information Digest." Obtainable from the Central Council For Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1, or from leading booksellers, at 2*s*. 6*d*.

NEW Soviet Criticism. Full text three long, important, stimulating articles. Ehrenburg (Writing), Khachaturian (Music), Alexandrov (Cinema). Also "Renaissance of the Dance" (Illustrated), living standards, law, book reviews, &c. Special double number. Spring issue Anglo-Soviet Journal, 2*s*. 6*d*., post 3*d*., from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8. or bookshops.

ADMINISTRATION of Justice in U.S.S.R. S.C.R Legal Bulletin No. 28. From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. 1*s*. 6*d*. (post 3*d*.).

GORKY on Tolstoy. Also Nikolaveva on crit. of Panfirov's new novel; Soviet Books in English; Writers' Congress, &c. SCR Writers' Bulletin No. 6. 1*s*. 6*d*., post 3*d*., from SCR 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47*s*. 6*d*.; Life (Int.), 57*s*. 6*d*.; Popular Mechanics, 32*s*.; Popular Photography 36*s*.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

GERMAN literature bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appntmnt only—MOU. 1482.

FABIAN Bookshop for Books that Matter, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. Specialists in Mail Orders.

VINCENT Cleland, Foreign Books. All enquiries welcomed. 155c Clapton Common, E.5. (STA 1849.)

BELSIZE Park has a well-stocked Bookshop, with a children's book-room & second-hand dept. Why not come and look round? Open till 6 p.m. Sats. Collet's, 193 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. (opp. Belsize Pk. Tube.)

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

GOOD books & Socialist material bought. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

WANTED: Long runs of Horizon; Criterion; Scrutiny; Transition & similar Journals. Large & small Libraries also purchased. Fisher & Sperr, Booksellers, 46 Highgate High St., London, N.6. (MOU. 7244.)

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th Edition excellent condition, offers?; Violoncello, Joseph Hill (1760); Grundig Tape Recorder, unused, very latest model, 56*gns*. (London); Hanovia Sunlamp, £10 10*s*.; French Linguaphone records, new, £9; Grundig Recorder (80*gns*. last November), perfect, guaranteed, 65*gns*. (London).

WANTED: Rosenberg, History Bolshevism; Borkenau, Communist International; Trotsky, Chinese Revolution; French Linguaphone Course.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri., 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30. Good Friday, 7.45. Tues., Apr. 13, for 3 weeks. "Jupiter's Night Out."

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Enchanted." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391)—"Timid People." Delightful new comedy of village life in China. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Adm. 2s 6d. to 5s. 6d. Membs. 2s. 6d. a year.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Apr. 11: "The Seven Deadly Sins" (X). From Apr. 12: Becker's "Casque D'Or" (Golden Marie) (X).

PEOPLE'S Palace, ADV. 3520. Sun., Apr. 11. "Bellissima" (U) Italy.

NATIONAL Film Th., Sth. Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Apr. 10. Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper in "Morocco" (A). Dir.: Joseph von Sternberg. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PREMIERE 2 Chinese films "Huai River" (Eng. sub-titles), "China Celebrates" (all colour). Mon., April 12, Islington Town Hall, 7.30. Tkts. 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. from Educ. Com., Britain China Friendship Assn., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1, or at door.

A Cage! Licensed Club, Cellar Bar open daily from 3 p.m. Dancing to Sacha Barnell, Sats. & Suns. Buffet. 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Mem. invited.

SAILING Barge "Glencoe," Glencoe Arts Club, The Hollows Footpath, Brentford (50 yds. above Kew Bridge). Bar. Dancing to Trad. Jazz ev. Thurs. Mems. 3s. Guests 1s. 6d. EMG gram. jazz & classical records, available other days. Dly. 11 a.m.-12 p.m. Sub., £1 1s. p.a. Studs. 1s. 6d.

PLUS 21 Club. Dancing in an intimate atmosphere to the Debonaires at the Vienna Café, Berkeley Arcade, Baker St., opp. stn. Sat., April 10, 8-11 p.m. Adm. 4s. 6d.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., April 10, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tkts. 4s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. GRO. 6186. Saturday, April 10, Dancing to De Vere Band 8-11. Members 3s., non-members 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

BACH and Boccherini. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Rm., Sat., April 10, at 8.15. Bach-Harpsichord Concerto in D minor and Sinfonia from cantata 209. Boccherini-String Trio in E and Quintet in A for flute & strings. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall Recital Room, Sun., April 11, at 7.45. London Czech Trio. Trios by Beethoven (Archduke & posthumous works) & Shostakovich. WAT. 3191.

SAINT Marylebone Parish Church, W.1. Saturday, April 10, at 3 p.m. Music of the Polyphonic Era. Mass for 6 voices "Ecce Ego Joannes"—Palestrina. And works by Andrea Gabrieli, Byrd & Purcell. The Renaissance Singers, Dir., Michael Howard.

LONDON Jewish Society. Record Recital of Music by Beethoven and Mozart, presented by Louis Gorden at the Ben Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Thursday, April 15, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paul Signac (1863-1935): First Exhibition in London. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Until April 15.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Edward Middleditch: Paintings, Drawings. Peter Kaiser & Franck Vavruska: Paintings.

HOKUSAI. An exhibition of Drawings and Watercolours. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till May 1. Closed Good Friday. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Free.

TATE Gallery. Pleydell-Bouverie Collection of French Impressionist Paintings. Weekdays 10-6. Sunday 2-6. Adm. free.

PAUL & Marjorie Abbatt. An exhibition of Puffin Books at 94 Wimpole Street, London, W.1., from April 10 to 24 inclusive. Weekdays 9-5 p.m., Saturdays 9-1 p.m.

W. G. Gillies & John Maxwell and Steinlen. Two Arts Council Exhibitions. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till April 10. Fri. Sat. 10-6. Adm. 1s. (to both exhibitions).

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by Cathleen Mann. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Drawings and Prints of Poland by Paul Hogarth. April 14-May 5. Mon.-Sat., 11-6.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Barbara Hepworth Retrospective Exhibition: Carvings and Drawings, 1927-1954. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by William Nicholson & Desmond, Lord Harmsworth. Closes Apr. 15.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Peter Lanyon. Closing April 10. From April 13: Recent Painting by Roger Hilton and recent work by Denis Williams.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ROYAL Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, S.W.1 (behind Haymarket Theatre). Spring Exhibition, April 3-May 1, 10-5. Closed Sundays. Admission 1s.

"PARIS-Londres." Pictures acquired recently in France, by Renoir, Degas, Monet, Bonnard, Dufy, Rouault, Soutine, etc. 9.30-6, Saturday 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Exhibition Victor Passmore Paintings & Constructions 1944-54. Daily 10.30-6, closed Suns. Members free, non-members 1s.

THE Matthiesen Gallery: Paintings and drawings by Jankel Adler; daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until April 15. 142 New Bond Street, W.1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

HEAL'S New Designs, 1954. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, pottery, carpets, etc., by leading designers. Fourth floor. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. At 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. Free. At The Wellcome Research Institution, 183-193 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibition: The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Daily (Sat. & Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., April 14, 7.30 p.m. Stanley Hyman: "H. G. Wells—the Real Fabian?" St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Evaluation of Experience." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St. W.8. Sun., April 11, 6.30 p.m.

DEAD Sea Biblical Scrolls. Illustrated lecture by General Y. Yadin. Chairman: Miss K. M. Kenyon, M.A., D.Litt., F.S.A. At the Royal Society of Arts, 6 John Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.2, on April 21, at 6 p.m. Members free; others 1s. 6d. Tickets from Anglo-Israel Assoc., 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Mr. William Warbey, M.P., on "The Rearmament of Germany." The Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, W.1 (next to Dominion Th.), Mon. Apr. 12, 8 p.m. Vis. 2s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m. April 11. Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "Alfred Russel Wallace." Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Apr. 9. General Discussion. Friday, Apr. 16. Easter. Closed.

YOGA. Tuesday evenings, 6.30, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Subject for April 13, 27 & May 4: "Meditation in the Far East." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Adm. free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

A SERIES of five lectures on the Social Aspects of Mental Health will be given at Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. The series will be opened by His Worship the Mayor of Hampstead on April 21, at 8 p.m., when Lady Cynthia Colville, D.C.V.O., D.B.E., will speak on "Some Experiences in Juvenile Courts." The rest of the programme is as follows: April 28, at 8 p.m., Dr. J. A. C. Brown: "Social Causes of Mental Disorders." May 5, at 8 p.m., Mr. Immanuel Bierer: "Problems of Marriage." May 12, at 8 p.m., Dr. Paul Senft: "Social Therapy for Social Tensions." The last lecture, on May 19, at 8 p.m., will be given by Dr. J. L. Moreno of New York, who will speak on "Psychodrama: a New Form of Psychotherapy." Adm. free. Organized by the Institute of Social Psychiatry, 9 Fellows Road, N.W.3. Tel. PRI. 9091.

THE University of Liverpool. A course of training for mental health workers, leading to a Diploma in Social Administration (Mental Health), will be conducted during the session 1954-55. A leaflet, price threepence, giving further particulars, may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Liverpool, 3.

POLITICAL Economy. Free 10-week courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy will be held on Tuesdays and Thursdays beginning April 27 and 29 (separate classes) at Westminster 7-9 p.m. Write for full particulars and prospectus to the Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1., or telephone ABBey 6665.

FREE Economic Classes will also be held at Ilford, Muswell Hill, and Welling (Kent) on Wednesdays 8 to 10 p.m. beginning April 28, and at Enfield on Tuesdays 8 to 10 p.m. beginning April 27. Write for prospectus and full particulars (stating area) to the Secretary, Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, S.W.1., or telephone ABBey 6665.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

LONDON Labour Party Easter Lectures. Britain and International Affairs. Fri., April 9: Britain and the United States, Lecturer: Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P. Wed., April 14: Britain and the U.S.S.R.—East-West Trade. Lecturer: Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, M.P. All lectures Church House, Bishop Partridge Hall, Great Smith St., S.W.1, 7.30. Tickets 1s. each. Series ticket all lectures, 2s. 6d. Applications: London Labour Party, 258-262 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

SPANISH Evening Classes. All grades. The Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLO. 7180.

INTENSIVE German Language Courses for beginners, intermediate and advanced at Univ. of London Inst of Education, April 21-27. Incl. fee 2*gns*. A few vacancies. Apply Sec., Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High Street, W.8.

PAINTING & Modelling, May 7-9 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221. (This week: "Opinion & Market Research." For Easter holidays see Personal.)

CHILD Psychotherapy. The three-year Training Course in methods devised by Dr. Margaret Lowenfeld has been re-established. Students receive direct experience of a wide range of children and instruction by qualified lecturers in other schools of thought. Holders of the I.C.P. Diploma are employed by Public Authorities here and abroad. Prospectus from Secy., Institute of Child Psychology Ltd., 6 Pembridge Villas, W.11.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded and may be competed for in May. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature: Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of the University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 23*gns*.; 21 days, 27*gns*.); covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. Sleeper berth for the night journey, supplement 3rd class, 1½*gns*.; 2nd class, 2½*gns*. Write for leaflet "1954 Summer Courses," Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees, Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3.

FOREIGN Languages. Coaching at all standards daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20/21 Princes Street, Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: PARk 8392).

FRENCH taught by educated Frenchman. Box 7036.

MODERN Profitable Career for Young Women. Stenotyping (machine shorthand) is the up-to-date, scientific way to higher-grade secretarial and verbatim reporting appointments at home and overseas. Quickly and easily learnt. Demand for trained stenotypists now exceeds supply. Call for full particulars and free demonstration or write for prospectus of day and evening courses to the Principal, Palantype College, 229/231 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 9162.

FAULTY posture, mal-co-ordinated movement and unbalanced tension, including the complex phenomenon known as nervous tension, are increasingly recognised by doctors and others as causes of many disorders, and as aggravating factors in still more. In overcoming these factors relief from symptoms may be gained and a higher standard of well-being and effectiveness enjoyed. Sec.: Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, W.11. PARk 7222.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. crse. all ages. Brochure: Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

COACHING for the stage by W. End actor-producer, instructor Royal Academy of Dramatic Art for some yrs. Box 7056.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, Surrey; July 31-Aug. 7, Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey; Aug. 14-21. Details from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

EASTER SUMMER SCHOOLS—contd.

EASTER and Summer Drama Schools. Three Arts Centre, W.1. (Day/Evg.). Director: Marian Naylor Acting Technique, Speech, Stage Movement, Production, Make-up, &c. 4½*gns*. & 5½*gns*. Syllabus: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

CAMBRIDGE Vacation Course on English Literature Since 1918. A Residential Course of unusual interest for both British and foreign students of English Literature will be held in Hughes Hall, Cambridge, from July 14 to August 4. Full particulars from F. E. Bell M.A., Stuart House, Cambridge.

UNIVERSITY of Durham, Summer School. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. July 10-17, July 17-24. Residence in University Hall. Courses in Archæology, Philosophy, History, Economics, International Politics, Local Government, Trade Union Studies, Art, Music. Inclusive charge for residence, board and tuition, 5*gns*. Scholarship grants provided by Trade Unions in the W.E.T.U.C. Programmes from W.E.A., Northern District, 51 Grainger St., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1.

THE Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency is holding a Summer School on "The Changing Attitude of Society Towards Criminal Responsibility," at St. Hugh's College, Oxford, from September 18-25, 1954. Full programme of lectures, discussion groups, visits, film shows, etc. Particulars from: Asst. General Secretary, I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1.

THE Davidson Clinic (for Analytical Psychotherapy). Summer School, July 28 to August 3, 1954. Subject: "Conscience and Psychology." Guest Lecturers: Dr. J. C. Flugel, London; H. J. Home, Esq., B.A. (Oxon), London. Dr. Winifred Rushforth, Dr. W. P. Kraemer and other members of the Clinic Staff will also take part. Further partics. Sec., 58 Dalkeith Rd., Edinburgh 9.

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses from Summer Programme. Week-end April 23-25. "The French Countryside." Introduces some interesting aspects of French farming village life, the wine industry, etc. May 14-16. "Pictorialism in Music." A discussion of Programme Music and its function from Beethoven to the present day. Midweek, May 17-20, "The Christian Philosophy." An examination of the basic truths of Christian Philosophy. Week, June 4-10, "Whitsun Nature Study Course." Lectures and Field Work on the towns in the Pewsey Vale and at Savernake. August: Three courses for families—children cared for in tented camp. For details apply The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

THINKERS' Holiday Organisation. 1954 Summer School. New Forest. "Religion in the Atomic Age"—a critical analysis. July 31-August 6: "Religion and Modern Science," Prof. H. Levy, Prof. H. H. Price, Dr. C. E. Raven, D. A. Routh, Dr. R. H. Thouless, August 7-14: "Religion in relation to Modern Ethical and Social Problems," Prof. A. J. Ayer, A. Basu, H. J. Blackham, P. Leon, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Maung Maung Ji, Dr. Zwi Werblowsky, the Imam of Shah Jehan Mosque. Full social programme—excursions, dances, sport &c. For details apply Sec., 4 Cranley Gdns., London, S.W.7. Visitors from overseas especially welcome.

SOVIET Life and Culture: S.C.R. Holiday Summer School, Sept. 4-11. Wortley Hall, nr. Sheffield. All-in fee £6 covers accommodation, 4 meals a day, daily lectures, Russian classes (beginners and elementary) and conversation, sports facilities (billiards, chess, fishing, table-tennis, tennis, &c.), two film shows, musical evening. Members' bar. Children under 15 half-price. Fee does not incl. travel or organised outings. Tutors: Asst. W. M. Hyman, Dr. A. Kettle, Dr. R. L. Meek, A. Rothstein, R. Watkins, &c. Book early. Send full fee £6 or part payment, deposit 30s. per person (state whether Russian classes desired) to: Organiser, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

HOUSE Party Holidays with foreign language practice. Combine a good outdoor holiday in pleasant company with learning German, French or Spanish. House parties in Britain (Cornwall and nr. Windsor, July 24 to Aug. 29), in Switzland (July 31 to Sept. 12) and in Austria (July 2 to Aug. 28). Very reasonable cost from 7*gns*. p.w. all inclusive. Write, 'phone or call for "House Party Leaflet," Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

NEEDLES Studio, Rye. Pottery, weaving, painting. A creative holiday in 1954. £12 12s. weekly incls. accom. Parties, from L. G. Davie, 40 The Mint, Rye, Sussex.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 484—487

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